THE CHICAGO CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

OFFICIAL NEWSPAPER OF THE A. O. H. OF ILLINOIS AND THE UNITED IRISH SOCIETIES OF CHICAGO AND COOK COUNTY.

VOL. XVI. NO. 7. CHICAGO, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1897.---SIXTEENTH YEAR. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

A. O. H. GOSSIP.

Death of the Venerable Father of County Financial Secretary J. J. Lamb —Sprightly Ball of Div. 2 at Federation Hall—Case of Brother McMahon.

State Secretary McGlynn Calling Anxiously for the Reports of the Divisions —Gratifying Growth of Div. 2— Some Comments in Regard to the Department of Officers.

With much regret I note the death of the father of our esteemed County Financial Secretary, Brother J. J. Lamb. Mr. Lamb, Sr., had reached the ripe age of eighty-two years, and was well known for his earnest sympathy with the work of the A. O. H. The sincere condolence of every member in Cook County is extended to Brother Lamb. A fuller notice of the sad event will appear next week.

Division No. 2 held their annual ball on February 6th, in Federation Hall. The capacity of the hall was sorely taxed by the number of guests present. I doubt if any event celebrated on the South Side had a choicer gathering of lassies and lads. The programme consisted of some twenty-six numbers, with extras to satisfy the "tireless" ones. The music of Professor Owens' orchestra was excellent, and afforded much satisfaction. The grand march, gracefully led by the blushing President Hanrahan and Miss O'Brien, followed by over two hundred couples.

The County Board was present in force, and prominent among the delegations of active workers I noted Bros. P. B. Flanagan, Jas. A. Flanagan, P. J. Spallon, Thos. H. Ryan, Ed. Brady, County Secretary Frank Conroy, T. J. Sherlock, B. Gibney, P. Fanelly and many others. The credit of the excellent work is mainly due to the labors of the following gentlemen:

Arrangement Committee—Wm. Long, chairman; Bernard Gibney, Jas. Kane, Edward Brady, Henry G. Hill, Frank Gallagher, and John J. Hanrahan, secretary.

Floor Committee—John J. Hanrahan, chief; Bernard Gibney, Patrick Kenny, Thos. McHugh, Chas. O'Hara, P. J. Spallon, James Regan.

The brothers of Div. 16 are taking steps to assist the family of Brother McMahon, their past president. The case is a very sad one and calls for the kindly sympathy of all members. A lingering disease of a cancerous nature has confined Brother McMahon to his home for nearly a year, and compelled him to undergo a dangerous operation within the past month. Meantime his family are helpless and worthy of the care and assistance of all who can aid the afflicted. The division has made no appeal to others, but has generously borne the burden, and I believe it will be an honest endorsement of their good work as well as a deed of fraternal charity for those who can afford same. Send contributions to President Flanagan of Div. 16.

State Secretary McGlynn still calls for reports. It will be a blessed relief to the eager officer if his confreres in Cook County will provide the necessary reports at the earliest opportunity.

I would also note that the directory for '97 is not yet complete, and its publication waits the arrival of new lists from the several divisions. Considering that there is no charge made for the publication of the growing list, the tardiness of the division secretaries is to a certain extent perplexing.

Div. No. 30 is growing so fast that it is now in the front rank, numerically speaking. What a change in three years! I wish some of our friends would copy the good example set by No. 37. President Dohney and his merry men in the sylvan glades of aristocratic Englewood, have actually taken a position which will, it is said, enable it to claim two of the prizes to be given by the County Board. I heartily congratulate Brothers Hoey, McNamara and Ryan on their excellent progress, and trust they will be long spared to continue same.

Div. 21 expects every member to be present at the meeting on Saturday, Feb. 13. President Ed. O'Connor is determined to bring No. 21 to the front place if hard work can do it.

At this particular date in the year's work, when a new set of officers are inducted into office, many of experience, many new to their duties, it will not be out of place for the writer to presume on the lenient patience of his readers, to invite their attention to a few points worthy of note. While there have been no marked changes in officials of the respective divisions, there may, in the ensuing year arise situations complex in character and prejudicial to the welfare of the division. The first thing to be impressed on an official is, that he is also the servant of the division. That not only must he govern according to the laws of the order, but that he in turn must be governed by a majority of the division. He who by trick or browbeating evades the will of the majority, expressed and within pale of the laws, is unfit for the position he holds. The officers must disabuse themselves of the idea they are everything, and if they are wise they will recognize the painful fact (to them) that a year is about as long as the most patient body of men will submit to dictation, unwarranted by law or circumstances.

Another matter, don't be constantly lecturing your members. They grow weary of your fondness for ill-timed eloquence and constant hovering on the line which divides reproach from abuse. Give some one else an opportunity to draw attention to matters affecting the welfare of the order. Again, don't try to snub any man who may not be in your opinion overwhelmed with admiration for yourself or your methods. Every time you interfere with the free expression of his opinion you gain a few recruits for him, who believe there is something in the background you desire to prevent him from referring to. Don't constantly call on your own friends under head of "Good of the Order," give a chance to the new man, the retiring man, and, above all, to the man whom you believe is opposed to you. Be generous and win recognition for yourself in the future. Be wise and remember the wheel is constantly turning, and he who is at the bottom today may be on top tomorrow, aided by the quiet men who did not approve of your method of making "martyrs" of your opponents. Be chary in expressing your personal opinion of your brother officers and fellow members while you are in office. Observation may reveal to you the existence of a species of mischief maker who goes about "pumping," or as he terms it "drawing" people as to what they think of this or that person, and their retailing same to the "party of the second part," more or less sprinkled with salt or pepper as the case may require. Reserve your confidences and keep the good will of those who care nothing for individuals, but will throw aside anyone likely to be untrue to principle or selfish in his aims.

Keep aloof from cliques and have no favorites. You may lose, but as cliques always go wrong, you will some day be rewarded by the comparison between your honest methods and the unpopular tricks of the schemer who may temporarily defeat you.

When you are elected to carry out certain needed reforms, don't forget yourself and duplicate the errors of those whose room you were chosen to fill. Remember always, if you desire continuance in office, that there is a large percentage of independent votes in all bodies, ready to throw aside those selected for a purpose if the selection proves a mistake.

When I pause to look back over the work of the past six years, I am filled with admiration for the honest work of the humble rank and file, whose earnest undivided fealty to our holy cause, has contributed so much to our progress. Occasionally we tried to fly a little higher than the strength of our wings warranted, but we returned unharmed to the sphere we were fitted for. This year, however, will be one of careful training for the centenary of that year of memory, 1798. We are well prepared for the struggle. We are not hampered by prominence of pin-head or selfish individuals in our ranks, claiming to own us body and soul. We are thoroughly democratic, giving "equal rights to all and special privileges to none." We are daily teaching an object lesson to our compatriots that Irishmen are capable of ruling themselves. We are daily proving ourselves capable of consistent interest in practical enterprise. We have more to show in work accomplished with our somewhat smaller numbers after the six years referred to than others had after fifteen years of existence. Let us continue the good work and the arrival of A. D., 1900, will see more notable milestones on the road of progress erected to adorn our onward march. The news reaches us that both branches of the A. O. H. have joined hands in the city and county of New York. Let us greet the tidings with joy and urge on the work of unity of all our people. Let us encourage interest in the cause of Irish nationality and the elevation of our people, and have none welcome among us who do don't believe in both. Let the pessimistic scoffer at the first be informed we can not believe him capable of good work in behalf of the latter. God bless the year.

MOR.

HYMENEAL.

SHEA–LINNEEN.

A large assemblage of friends was present Wednesday afternoon to witness the marriage of Miss Nellie Linneen, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. P. H. Linneen of 4913 South Park avenue, to Mr. Edward Shea of Milwaukee. The wedding took place at 4 o'clock at St. James' Catholic Church, corner of Wabash avenue and Thirtieth street, and the ceremony was performed by Rev. Hugh McGuire. Mr. Thomas Shea, brother of the groom, served as best man, and the ushers were Col. James P. Donohue, of Davenport, Iowa; Mr. Wm. Linneen and Mr. David Linneen. Little Anna Bulger, niece of the groom, was the maid of honor. She was gowned in soft white mull over pink silk, with trimmings of white lace, and wore a large white picture hat covered with pink roses. The bride's gown was of light tan-colored broadcloth, with vest of white satin and handsome fur trimmings. A girdle of gold and white enamel, with hat to match, completed a beautiful and effective toilet. After the ceremony a dinner was given at the home of the bride's parents for thirty members of the immediate family. Kinsley had charge of the dining-room. Mr. and Mrs. Shea left Wednesday night for the South, returning to Milwaukee April 1, where they will make their future home at 3228 Wells street.

IN MEMORIAM.

Mrs. Clara Conlan Agnew.

No rose, no lily, do I lay
Within thy hand, upon thy bier,
Dear one, for whom such sighs will heave
From many a heart, for many a year:
For whom today, in voiceless grief,
From these same hearts drops many a tear.

Thy rosary turns with tenderer touch
Than budding rose or jasmine pale,
Those graceful hands, so young, so slight,
Those intertwining fingers frail—
Those mother hands, whose touch so oft,
Have soothed thy infant's troubled wail.

Thy features kept a rapt repose,
No trace of care, stirred by no breath;
Majestic lines speak lifeless calm
The drapery of thy couch beneath
The lily's stately grace outvied
By this high beauty born of death.

Blessed tapers, at her casket's side
Light, for her sake, your ruddy flame;
Blessed incense, let your fragrant clouds
Ascend for her in Jesus' name;
Our mortal tributes, e'er so fair,
Such sacred solace cannot claim.

The chanted Requiem's lifted host,
The Libera's intreating woes,
The Absolution's blessed hope
Will bring to her what lily, rose,
Nor gift of ours can ever bring
To her dear soul, Heaven's full repose.

ELIZA ALLEN STARR.

CLAN-NA-GAELS DENY IT.

Say Their Oath as Furnished by the A. P. A. Adherents is Incorrect.

CHICAGO, Ill., Feb. 9.—To the Editor of the Inter-Ocean: I cannot suppose the Inter-Ocean has a disposition to slander any section of this or any other community. In your issue of Monday last you published an alleged oath of the so-called Clan-na-Gael Society, as submitted by the A. P. A., in which the following passages appeared:

"I will deem it my special duty and mission to promote and foster sentiments of union, brotherly love, and nationality among all Irish Catholics; that I will not permit the nomination in any political caucus or convention of a personnot pledged to the principles of this society. I will always give a member of this brotherhood preference in all matters of business, and will vote for and work only for Irishmen for political office."

Now, Mr. Editor, I have not the slightest hesitation in saying that if the Clan-na-Gael, or the society known as the Clan-na-Gael, enforced an oath of the foregoing kind on its members it would be an infamous un-American organization, and the votaries would deserve universal execration; but, I assure you on my word of honor as a man and an American citizen, that there never were, nor are there now, any religious or political barriers to membership in the so-called Clan-na-Gael Society, or any society affiliated with the so-called Clan-na-Gael Society. Its flag is the tricolor green, white and orange, intended to symbolize the union of the creeds, and the soldiers who wear its uniform (Clan-na-Gael Guards) carry not alone that flag, but also green, white and orange plumes in their helmets. Furthermore, many of its members and some of its officers—notably the late Hon. John Groves, of Omaha, Neb.—have been and are Protestants. All Irish Protestants or descendants of Irish Protestants with patriotic proclivities and of good character were and are eligible to membership in the order; Republicans, Democrats, Populists, hard money and soft money men, Bryanites and McKinleyites have belonged and still belong to it. Any attempt to introduce religion or politics into its councils would be immediately punished by suspension or expulsion. The sole object of the society is the emancipation of Ireland from foreign oppression—certainly an object that does not call for condemnation from Americans at least.

I am willing to make affidavit in any court of record to the entire truth of the foregoing statement, and I hereby agree to pay $1,000 to any charitable institution the Inter Ocean may designate if I can be successfully contradicted.

I feel it is due to the American people and to the Irish citizens situated among them to make this statement.

M. J. KELLY,
Ex-Commissioner of Cook County, No. 153 East Huron street, Chicago.

[The foregoing letter appeared in the Inter-Ocean of last Wednesday and we reproduce it with great pleasure—ED.]

"I Was Troubled with an itching humor on my ankle which developed into boils. I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, and continued its use for six months, when I was entirely cured."—Mrs. M. B. McIntosh, Barrington, Ill.

Hood's Pills are the favorite cathartic

IRISH-AMERICAN HISTORY.

Formation at Boston of a Widespread Society to Collect and Publish Everything Really Authentic Bearing on the Services, Civil and Military, of the Irish Element to the Republic.

Rear Admiral Meade, U. S. N., Nephew of the Victor of Gettysburg, Thomas Dunn English, Author of "Ben Bolt," and Other Distinguished Americans of Irish Descent, Enthusiastic in the Cause.

(Boston Pilot, Feb. 6.)

In response to the call recently published in the Pilot, some fifty gentlemen met at the Revere House, Boston, on Wednesday evening, Jan. 27, to organize the American-Irish Historical Society. Hon. Thomas J. Gargan presided at the banquet and the deliberations which followed. Mr. Paul du Chaillu was the chairman's guest. Other gentlemen present were—Hon. Osborne Howes, Thomas Hamilton Murray, editor of the Lawrence Daily Sun; James Jeffrey Roche, editor of the Pilot; Jos. Smith, secretary of the Lowell Police Commission; Hon. John C. Linehan, Insurance Commissioner of New Hampshire; Historian E. A. Hall, of the Connecticut Valley Historical Society, of Springfield; Bernard E. Donigan, of Lawrence; Timothy P. Sullivan, of Concord, N. H.; James F. Brennan, of Petersboro, N. H.; ex-Mayor Hugh J. Carroll, Edward F. Radiken, Peter J. Heffern, William Farrell, Dr. M. W. Kelliher, of Pawntucket, R. I., the Rev. Timothy P. Linehan, of Biddeford, Me.; the Rev. M. H. Egan, of Lebanon, N. H.; James Cunningham, of Portland; Editor George H. Moses, of the Concord (N. H.) Monitor; W. J. Abern and David E. Murphy, of Co[illegible], N. H.; W. W. Doherty, of [illegible] John O'Keeffe and Daniel Donovan, of Lynn; Michael J. McNeirney, of Gloucester; Col. James H. Carmichael, and Thomas B. Smith, of Lowell; George C. Dempsey, Dr. Thomas F. Harrington, of Lowell; Thomas B. Lawler, John E. Lynch and Francis B. McKeon, of Worcester; the Rev. John J. McCoy, of Chicopee; M. J. Harson, of Providence; Secretary J. W. Fogarty, of the Irish Charitable Society; P. J. Flatley, Dr. Patrick J. Timmins, T. Carl O'Brien, M. A. Toland, of Boston; Thomas Carroll, of Peabody; Dr. Philip Kilroy, of Springfield.

Mr. Gargan made an admirable opening address. Among other things he said:—

"In the name of the committee who have issued the call for the organization of an American Historical Society, whose special line of research shall be the history of the Irish element in the composition of the American people, I congratulate you on the success of this initial movement and bid you a cordial welcome to this meeting.

But little has yet been done to show how much the sons of Ireland and their descendants have contributed to the settlement, to the civilization and reclamation of this country, as also to its liberation from oppression.

In our proposed work we will discard the legendary and the mythical. We recognize that we are living in a scientific age at the end of the nineteenth century, the age of the microscope and the X-ray, and we ask for the acceptance of no historical data that will not bear the modern search-light and that is not sufficiently proven.

We claim that due credit has not been given to the Irish contributions. That through prejudice or through gross ignorance there has grown up a myth about the Scotch-Irish. Of all the myths that have crept into history this is the most mythical. Why any man should be ashamed of his honorable Irish ancestry surpasses my comprehension and subjects the man who attempts to deny it to the scorn and contempt of all honest and intelligent men.

Descendants of Irishmen may well feel proud of the honorable part which the Irish race has borne in the settlement and development of the country. As early as 1649 Cromwell, by his cruel policy, transported 45,000 of them beyond the seas. A large number went to Barbadoes. Many of them afterward came to the continent of North America.

The revolution of 1688 in England, and the acts of the British parliament to discourage manufactures in Ireland, drove 100,000 operatives out of Irrland, and a writer of that time says multitudes of them went to America.

In 1729 a writer stated that 3,000 males left Ulster yearly for the American colonies. And the arrivals at the port of Philadelphia for 1729 are set down as: English and Welsh, 267; Scotch, 43; Germans, 343; Irish, 5,655, or a proportion of ten Irish immigrants to one from all other European nations. This constant influx continued, though not in so great proportion. So we see what an important factor they were in the settlement of the colonies.

James Logan of Lurgan, Ireland, came over with William Penn, and complaint was made against him that public mass was permitted in the colony.

The name of Logan has through all our history been honorably identified with every step of our progress. In 1729, several families came from Longford, Ireland, who were landed at Cape Cod, but made their way to New York. Among them was Charles Clinton, whose three children became historical men in the annals of New York. The colony of Maryland was largely settled from Ireland, the Carrolls, whose names are indissolubly associated with American history, coming to the colony in 1689.

In 1710, we find in Virginia along the Blue Ridge, in what are now the counties of Patrick and Rockbridge, the McDowells, Breckenridges, McDuffies, McGruders and others, and the two rivers Mayo, and the towns called McGaheysville, Healysville, Kennedysville, McFarland, Lynchburg and Kinsdale, all names that tell us plainly what was the origin of the settlers.

In 1737, an Irish settlement was established on the Santee river in South Carolina, and the historian of that time said none had furnished so many settlers to this province as Ireland.

In 1746, Daniel Boone commenced the settlement of Kentucky, and had with him Hugh McGrady, also Harland and McBride.

In the Massachusetts Bay colonies prejudices against natives of Ireland existed almost from the settlement of the colony. There were restrictions as to land, and in 1720 the General Court warned settlers from Ireland to leave the colony within seven months.

As you all know, in 1737 the Charitable Irish Society was founded here in Boston by twenty-six natives of Ireland, Robert Duncan heading the list. William Hall was the first president, and in that list of names are the founders of many distinguished Boston families, some of whom, I am sorry to say, are not inclined to own their origin or choose rather to call themselves Scotch-Irish, an appellation which their ancestors would have despised. We find at Concord the burial place of Hugh Cargill, born in Ballyshannon, who came to this country in 1741, a poor emigrant, acquiring no mean estate, leaving as a legacy the Strawne farm to the town of Concord, to be used for the poor.

There also came to Massachusetts the Limerick schoolmaster, John O'Sullivan, a name illustrious in our country's annals. One of his sons was Gen. Sullivan of Revolutionary fame. One of his lineal descendants, Mr. Russell Sullivan, the well-known author, is one of the signers of our roll. There were Higginses and Reillys at Plymouth and along the shores of Cape Cod.

One of the Indian transfers of land was to one of the Reillys.

One of the most distinguished Irishmen who came to New England was George Berkely, a native of Kilkenny. Born near Thomastown, he came here to found a college for the civilization of the Indians. He is best remembered by his poems. Those of you who have visited the national capitol at Washington will see in fresco on the walls at the foot of the stairway portrayed by the brush of the artist in almost speaking pictures the story of the settlement and civilization of the United States, and you will see inscribed the lines which gave the artist inspiration, written by George Berkely:

'Westward the course of empire takes its way;
The four first acts already past,
A fifth shall close the drama with the day;
Time's noblest offspring is the last.'

Yet we should not be vain-glorious. We are but representatives of many nations who from the earliest settlement of the country have helped to plant here free institutions, but we are not intruders, nor are we here by the tolerance of any party. We live here under the Constitution and laws of the country and are vitally interested in its well-being and future prosperity. We of this generation decline to accept that series of lies which English historians and their imitators have agreed upon as truthful history of what the Irish have done in this country or any other country.

We propose to investigate facts and ask for their impartial consideration. The object of this association is to call to mind those noble types of men and women that the Irish race have sent here, that we may receive credit for our fair share in the development and maintenance of a government founded upon manhood."

Hon. John C. Linehan spoke briefly and pithily, saying:

"I think there is not a prouder title than that of American citizen. I am proud of it. I glory in it. But as I believe a man who cannot love his mother cannot love his wife, a man who is false to the land of his birth can never be true to the land of his adoption. New Hampshire presents a rich field for the society's research.

Our first governor was an Irishman, Darby Field, an Irish soldier, discovered the White Mountains, and there was not a battle of the French and Indian wars in which Irish blood was not spilt just as freely as in the battles of the Civil War.

If we do our work the American people, of whatever birth, will put the present Scotch-Irish myth where it belongs."

Joseph Smith, secretary of the Lowell Police Board, urged work on the part of every member. He said:

"We cannot deal in hurrah business. We must produce the cold documents and facts that no one can dispute, and eliminate from history its imaginary and fictitious bluffs. All must work in investigation in their own towns and vicinity. We must organize in every town and city and every year have a meeting of this parent society to garner and publish our discovered and compiled facts. This cold, documentary evidence cannot be disputed, and falsehood and fiction will cease."

Osborne Howes, the eighth in line from an Irish settler of Cape Cod, said it was not so much a matter of self-laudation, but to create a spirit in the people. He believed in the necessity of a race living up to its ideal, and the higher the ideal could be placed the better for all of the race; they will have something to look forward to, something to eliminate.

Paul Du Challu heartily indorsed the purpose as a most laudable one. "But don't be self-laudable," he advised; "you want the facts, the truth; unearth the truth for truth's sake; present it to the world and don't be afraid of opposition. Defy it."

Charles A. DeCourcey, of Lawrence, spoke of the feeling and experience and slurs cast upon every school child of Irish parentage in the past and to some extent today. "We were foreign," he said; "we did not feel at home. But we began to know. We began to feel at home. We learned of our race's participation in the upbuilding of the nation. We will prove our part in America's history; then the children as Americans can feel as Americans."

The Rev. John J. McCoy, made a felicitous speech, interspersed with humor, and declared: "The records are so honorable that although it is rather late to make the start, we all ought to find very pleasant work in assisting to look them up."

Editor John H. Moses, of the Concord Monitor, Senator Chandler's paper, ex-Mayor Hugh J. Carroll, of Pawntucket, and Hon. P. J. Flatley, of Boston, made speeches, urging the conduct of the research with true historic spirit.

Mr. Flatley, in his impromptu speech, handled the "Scotch-Irish" myth without gloves. The constitution, of which a synopsis follows, was signed by all the gentlemen present. The following officers were elected:

Rear-Admiral Richard Worsam Meade, U. S. Navy (retired), president-general; Thomas Hamilton Murray, editor of the Lawrence Daily Sun, Mass., secretary-general; Hon. John C. Linehan, Concord, N. H., treasurer-general; Thomas B. Lawler, Worcester, Mass., librarian-archivist; Hon. Theodore [illegible] Roche, Bo[illegible] S. Gaudens, New York, Hon. [illegible]s J. Gargan, Boston; Dr. Th[illegible]nn English, Newark, N. J.; P[illegible]aurice F. Egan, Washington; Ed[illegible] A. Moseley, Washington; Robert Ellis Thompson, Philadelphia; T. Russell Sullivan, Boston; Joseph Smith, Lowell, executive committee.

The vice-presidents are: Massachusetts, Osborne Howes, Boston; Connecticut, Joseph Swords, Hartford; Maine, James Cunningham; Rhode Island, M. J. Harson, Providence; Vermont, T. W. Maloney; New York, Gen. James R. O'Beirne; New Jersey, Hon. William McAdoo; District of Columbia, J. D. O'Connell, Washington; Pennsylvania, Gen. St. Clair Mulholland, Philadelphia; South Carolina, Hon. Matthew C. Butler; Georgia, Hon. Patrick Walsh; Ohio, Rev. Geo. W. Pepper, Cleveland; Minnesota, Hon. Daniel W. Lawler, Michigan, Thomas A. Weadock, Detroit; Missouri, Hon. Richard C. Kerens, St. Louis; Illinois, W. J. O'Mahar; New Hampshire, T. B. Sullivan, Concord.

The position of historiographer has been left vacant until a subsequent meeting of the executive body.

Mr. Joseph Smith, of Lowell, in behalf of the committee appointed to prepare a constitution and by-laws, submitted a report, and the same met with with the unanimous approval of the gathering. The preamble is as follows:

"Believing that the part taken in the settlement, foundation and upbuilding of these United States by the Irish race has never received proper recognition from historians, and inspired by love for the Republic, a pride in our blood and forefathers and a desire for historic truth, this society has met and organized.

Its mission is to give a plain recital of facts, to correct errors, to supply omissions, to allay passions, to shame prejudice and to labor for right and truth.

While we, as loyal citizens of this Republic, are earnestly interested in all the various phases of its history, we feel that we should be false to its honor and greatness and recreant to our own blood if we did not make a serious effort to leave to those generations which follow us a clearer and better knowledge of the important work done by men and women of the Irish race on this continent. People of this race—men and women born on Irish soil—have been here from the first, prompted in their flight by the motives common to all immigration, dissatisfaction with the old order of things and the resolve to obtain a freer and better life in the new land under new conditions.

And so we have come together—natives of Ireland, American sons of Irish immigrants, and descendants of immigrants even unto the seventh, eighth and ninth American generations—duly to set forth and perpetuate a knowledge of these things.

In the days to come, that lie in the womb of the future, when all the various elements that have gone and are going to make the Republic great are united in the American—the man who in his person will represent the bravest elements of all the old races of earth—we desire that the deeds and accomplishments of our element shall be written in the book of the new race, telling what we did and no more, giving us our rightful place by the side of others.

To accomplish this is the purpose of this organization—a work worthy of the sympathy and aid of every Amer-

CONTINUED ON THE FIFTH PAGE

NINE PLACES LESS.

TOTAL OF PENSION AGENCIES REDUCED JUST ONE-HALF.

Result of Reduction of Expense—Recommended by Secretary Francis and Agreed to by the President—Details of the Important Change of Arrangements.

Washington, Feb. 8.—The president has signed, on the recommendation of Secretary of the Interior Francis, an important order reducing the number of pension agencies in the United States from eighteen to nine. The object of the order is to effect a very large saving to the government without inconveniencing the pensioners. The secretary demonstrates that by this reduction of the pension agencies the cost of disbursing pensions can be reduced by at least $160,000 per annum. The change was made possible by an amendment to the law governing the disbursing of pensions approved March 23, 1896. It required that all pensioners should, after that date, be paid by checks remitted by mail. Reports from the pension agencies in reply to inquiries as to the operation of the new law are to the effect that under it the pensioners are paid much more promptly; that the possibility of error is minimized, and that upon the whole it is much more satisfactory to the pensioners than the former law.

Another Statement by the Agents.

The agents also state that the pensioners receive their pensions when remitted by mail at their homes, where, being surrounded by family influences, the pensioner is much more likely to make a judicious disposition of his pension money. Under the previous law many pensioners collected their quarterly payments in person, and under the influence of bad associations were often induced to apply these payments unwisely and deprive their families of the benefits thereof. This executive order will go into effect Sept. 1 next, its execution having been postponed until that date in order that no pensioner should suffer inconvenience in consequence of delay in receiving his pension, and to give ample time for the removal of the rolls and records from the agencies discontinued.

The Offices That Are Dropped.

The consolidation was made by uniting existing agencies and the entire jurisdiction thereof, in order that no expense should be incurred by the making of new rolls. The agencies at Concord, N. H., and Augusta, Me., are discontinued, and payments hitherto made there are ordered made from the agency at Boston. The pensioners heretofore paid at Buffalo, N. Y., are to be paid from New York city agency; those at Pittsburg from the Philadelphia agency; those at Louisville and Knoxville from Washington; those at Detroit from Indianapolis; those at Milwaukee from Chicago; those at Des Moines and Topeka from St. Louis, where a few agency is established. A new agency is established at St. Louis because of the better mail facilities there than at Des Moines or Topeka, and for the further reasons that there is a government building at St. Louis which can be occupied without [illegible] to the government; and there [illegible] treasury there.

And Th[illegible] Are Retained.

The follow[illegible]e the agencies and the number o[illegible]sioners paid thereat under the n[illegible]rder: Boston, 94,357; New York, 98,[illegible]3; Philadelphia, 106,735; Washington, 140,265; Columbus, 104,492; Indianapolis, 116,066; Chicago, 125,123; St. Louis, 161,709; San Francisco, 23,098; total, 970,678. The navy pensioners will be paid as heretofore from Boston, Chicago, New York city, Philadelphia, San Francisco and Washington. The estimated saving to the government is as follows: Clerk hire, $105,675; salaries of nine agents, $4,000 per annum, $36,000; contingent expenses of agencies discontinued, $10,182; rent for agencies discontinued, $9,550; total, $161,407.

AND THE STATE LOOKED ON.

If It Had Been a Prize Fight Troops Would Have Been Called Out.

Little Rock, Ark., Feb. 9.—The mountaineers in Polk county are not satisfied with the substitution of Italian for colored labor by the contractors on the Kansas City, Pittsburg and Gulf railway, and according to reports received here they are preparing to attempt to drive the Italians out. The contractors formerly employed negroes on the grade work between Horatic and Mena, but the native mountaineers declared that no negroes should live in the county.

They banded themselves together and ran the negroes out as fast as the contractors would bring them in. The railroad builders finally decided to substitute Italians, and the first consignment of 100 Italians arrived a few days ago from Chicago. Another batch is expected in a day or so. The natives are not satisfied with the color of the laborers and declare they will run them out of the county also.

Noted Criminal Lawyer Dead.

New York, Feb. 9.—Charles W. Brooke, the noted criminal lawyer, died early Sunday at the S. R. Smith infirmary at New Brighton, S. I. Mr. Brooke was taken ill on Jan. 26 while conducting the Freenan trial in this city. An examination by his physicians showed that he was suffering from a cancer in the intestines and that his condition was critical. An operation was performed a few days later and the patient gave encouraging signs of recovery until Sunday, when a rapid decline set in. A further examination showed that septicaemia had begun and that the cancer had eaten its way through the peritoneum. His condition was then declared hopeless.

Bank Cashier Goes Wrong.

Great Falls, Mont., Feb. 6. — The Northwestern National bank, one of the oldest institutions in the state, posted a notice announcing its suspension yesterday morning. The board of directors and officers charge that the trouble is due to a defalcation on the part of Cashier Benton D Hatcher, of $180,000. The comptroller of the currency has wired Louis G. Phelps to take temporary charge of the bank, pending the arrival of the bank examiner.

Cuban Women Banished.

Key West, Fla., Feb. 5.—Five Cuban ladies arrived on the steamer Olivette from Havana Wednesday night, having been ordered to leave the island by General Weyler. They were forced to depart from Havana because they were suspected of conspiracy against the Spanish government.

LAWMAKERS AT WORK.

Synopsis of Proceedings in the Senate and House.

Washington, Feb. 4.—The senate got into a deadlock on the Nicaragua canal bill and its friends could not hold a quorum. Vilas spoke against the bill, this being his third day. During the day the Allen resolution questioning the power of the executive to foreclose on the Pacific railways was debated by Thurston in favor of that power.

The contested election case of Cornett vs. Swanson, from the Fifth Virginia district, occupied the attention of the house. Swanson's title to his seat was confirmed by an overwhelming viva voce vote.

Washington, Feb. 5.—The senate Thursday had a lively debate over an effort by Morrill to pass a bill prohibiting the sale of intoxicants in the Capitol building. Hill moved to commit the bill to the rules committee and in a sharp speech criticised "the busybodies" who were maligning congress by asserting that saloons existed in the Capitol and denounced attempts to interfere with personal liberty. His motion failed by 27 to 30. The senate by 35 to 13 adopted a motion to take up the conference report on the immigration bill. The bill was recommitted to conference for modification. The debate on the Nicaragua canal bill was then resumed.

The proceedings in the house yesterday were very dull and almost entirely devoid of public interest. The major portion of the day was devoted to the District of Columbia appropriation bill. Bills were passed to grant a pension of $50 per month to the widow of Major General Joseph B. Carr, and senate bill to increase the pension of the widow of Brigadier General John Hough.

Washington, Feb. 6.—The senate admitted R. N. Kenney as senator from Delaware yesterday, but notice was given that the seat would be contested on the ground of fraud in the election. The credentials, however, were prima facie correct and the senator was given his seat. The balance of the day was devoted to a speech by Caffery against the Nicaragua canal bill and passing fifty pension bills.

The house devoted the day to the private calendar and passed fifty-nine bills, many of them being for pensions. After a recess a night session was held and twenty-two private pension bills favorably recommended.

Washington, Feb. 8.—The session of the senate Saturday accomplished little save the passage of bills to which no objection was made, one of which was for a soldiers' home at Hot Springs, S. D. In the first part of the day Thurston of Nebraska continued his speech on the Pacific railroads. The Nicaragua canal bill came up and gave way to the calendar. There was some discussion of the Cuba resolutions reported by the committee on foreign relations, but they went over without action. Eulogies were delivered on the late Representative Cogswell of Massachusetts.

The house passed the District of Columbia appropriation bill and transacted some routine business.

Washington, Feb. 9.—The senate discussed the Anglo-American arbitration treaty yesterday from 1 to 5:25 p. m. in secret session, having refused by a de[illegible] to discuss it in public. She[illegible] ...ive vote to resume ... Republican spoke for the treaty and Morgan against it. Notice of more amendments was given. In the open session the bill for greater canal facilities in Texas was passed over the president's veto—57 to 1.

The house devoted the day to District of Columbia business, except a short time occupied in receiving the electoral votes of the states, appointing Grosvenor and Richardson tellers on the part of the house to count the vote tomorrow, and receiving the report on the immigration bill, which will come up today probably.

CHARGED WITH PIRACY NOW.

Three Friends in Trouble for Firing at a Spanish Gunboat.

Jacksonville, Fla., Feb. 8.—The steamer Three Friends was seized and libeled upon its return from a towing trip down the coast. The libel charges piracy in that a Hotchkiss gun was mounted at the bow of the steamer and was fired at a Spanish gunboat at the mouth of the San Juan river while endeavoring to land an expedition. The name of the gunboat is not given. The persons named in the libel are John O'Brien, W. T. Lewis, John Dunn, August Arnau, Michael Walsh and Ralph D. Paine.

Judge Locke fixed bond at $5,000, which was immediately furnished and the boat was released upon the special provision that a deputy marshal should be placed on board and have authority to take charge of the boat in case that an attempt should be made at any time to violate the law.

Senatorial Contest from Utah.

Salt Lake City, Feb. 5.—Moses Thatcher was asked yesterday for further information about the statement that he would contest the election of J. L. Rawlins in the United States senate. He said there was a petition being signed by members of the legislature with that object in view, but that it was withdrawn because the wording of the document did not properly cover the facts. He says he has no personal knowledge of what is being done, but will make the contest if his friends so desire.

Capture of Sylvester Scovel.

Cleveland, Feb. 8.—Sylvester Scovel, who it is stated has been arrested by the Spanish authorities, was a former resident of this city and went to Cuba about a year and a half ago. He was on Maceo's staff, and was entirely trusted by the letter to carry important dispatches to Gomez. He has also acted as a correspondent for several newspapers in the United States. Two or three times he boldly left the Cuban army and entered Havana.

Received Like a Conquering Hero.

New York, Feb. 5.—Edward J. Ivory, who was arrested in Glasgow in September last, on a charge of complicity with other persons in a dynamite conspiracy in England, arrived here yesterday afternoon and was received with salvos of artillery and cheering and by a delegation headed by the president of the Irish National Alliance, consisting of 500 members of the alliance, went down the bay on a chartered steamer.

Dropped Dead While Shopping.

Prairie du Chien, Wis., Feb. 5.—Mrs. Fred Bower, residing two miles south of the city, dropped dead while in the city trading Wednesday. Heart dis[illegible] ...s the supposed cau...

ROUGH TIME AT SEA.

FOUR SAILORS OF BUNCE'S SQUADRON LOSE THEIR LIVES.

Three Washed Overboard and Drowned, One Crushed to Death, Another Fatally Hurt and Six More Badly Wounded—Maine and Marblehead Have the Trouble.

Charleston, S. C., Feb. 9.—Admiral Bunce's blockading squadron made this port yesterday after a stormy voyage from Hampton Roads, losing three men from the Maine during the gale Friday. The fleet is now anchored off the jetties and shows some signs of the terrible weather experienced. The squadron weighed anchor in the roads Thursday morning and put to sea. Friday evening the weather thickened and by night was blowing a gale. The Indiana returned to the roads, owing to the condition of her turrets. The rest of the fleet, however, poked their noses into the storm and headed south. When about fifty miles off Hatteras the fleet encountered the full force of the blow. Open squadron formation was maintained and the vessels were put in order for a siege of weather. The battleship Maine rolled in the big seas, the water washing her decks at every plunge. It was late Friday afternoon that the accident occurred which cost three seamen their lives and three others were rescued only by prompt and heroic work.

Washed into the Raging Sea.

A gang of men was ordered forward to make more secure the lashings of the big guns. The deck was deluged and the wind was freshening every moment. The men were at work with the lashings when an unusually heavy sea curled over her bows and swept aft. Six of the gang were picked up and carried overboard before they could escape the wave. When the cry of "man overboard" was carried back there was a scene of momentary confusion, but in an instant the splendid discipline of the crew was apparent. Life buoys were set loose and the order quickly given to get a boat over the side. The high seas made this work one of peril and difficulty, but a boat's crew under Naval Cadet Walter R. Gherardi, son of Rear Admiral Gherardi, retired, was finally lowered, excellent seamanship alone preventing the frail craft from being crushed against the sides of the big battleship.

Three of the Men Rescued.

While the engines had been reversed at the first signal from the bridge, the momentum of the ship had carried her some distance beyond the spot where the seamen were swept overboard, and the set of the current was carrying them farther away every moment. The ship's crew watched the rescuers as they pulled manfully in the heavy seas, the waves running so high that the little boat was at times hidden from the vessel's deck as it rushed down into the trough. Meantime the drowning men fought bravely, and three of them managed to keep afloat until their mates hauled them out of the water. They were Seamen Hassel, Cronan and Freeman. The remaining three—Brown, Nelson and Kogel—were not to be seen. The lifeboat cruised back and forth over the sea, b[illegible] ...e fellows had given up the str[illegible] ...d met a sailor's fate. Cadet Gherardi and his boat's crew were highly complimented by the officers for their brave work.

Tested Their Sea-Going Qualities.

Friday night the fleet made heavy weather of it, but managed to keep within signalling distance of one another. Towards morning the squadron was hove to and weathered out the rest of the gale in that manner. The officers say it was one of the worst gales the fleet has ever experienced, and all unite in praising the sea-going qualities of the vessels. Beyond the loss of the three men there were no further accidents, and the fleet bears little mark of its tempestuous voyage. A boat from the Maine came to the city yesterday with several officers. They visited the collector of the port and filed telegrams.

Later.—It is learned since the above was written that on the Marblehead the carpenter was crushed to death, another man was fatally hurt, and six others seriously injured by being dashed about by the heavy seas.

PERRY HEATH'S OFFICIAL PLACE.

He Declines to State What It Will Be for the Present.

Indianapolis, Feb. 9.—Perry S. Heath was in the city Saturday and remained a short time before going to Louisville. He declined to discuss appointments. "I have a lot of business matters that must be arranged, and for that reason I have asked Mr. McKinley not to make public the place I am going to occupy. As soon as my business affairs are settled there will be an official announcement of my appointment."

"Is it true that you are going abroad?"

"You will have to excuse me from answering any questions. It will be in a place where my friends can reach me all right."

Found Dead in His Room.

New York, Feb. 9.—A man who registered as "E. Lowenstein, Chicago, Ills.," was found dead in his room in the Adelphia hotel, in West Twenty-third street. Death was caused by illuminating gas, the escape of which is supposed to have been accidental. The dead man was 45 years old and was a horse dealer.

Ball in Aid of Cuba Forbidden.

St. Augustine, Fla., Feb. 9.—Preparations have been going on for some time for a bal masque to be given by the Rifles, one of the crack military companies of the state, for the benefit of the Cuban cause. An order has been received from Washington forbidding the giving of the entertainment for the purpose named.

Drowned in a Pond.

Chicago, Feb. 9.—Andrew Thompson was in a hurry to get to his work yesterday morning and for the sake of saving time took a short cut across a pond at Eighty-second street and Houston avenue, South Chicago. The ice was rotten and gave way under his feet. He was drowned before assistance could reach him.

General Shelby Is Better.

Adrian, Mo., Feb. 9.—Despite his physician's statement that the patient would not live through the night, General Joe O. Shelby was much better yesterday. He rested well and awoke much refreshed. There now seems hope of his recovery.

PROUD OF HIS WAR RECORD.

Gen. Alger Has Something to Say About Charges Against Him.

Canton, O., Feb. 5.—General Alger was here yesterday on a mission for a friend. He left last evening for home. He talked freely while here regarding reports in the east of an opposition to him coupled with charges against his war record; that he had absented himself from the army in the Shenandoah valley in 1864. These charges were first published in the New York Sun several years ago when Alger was a candidate for the presidential nomination. Alger said he had answered in a Boston paper over his own signature the issues raised, giving a statement of Generals Custer and Sheridan and President Lincoln.

"These statements," said General Alger, "taken in connection with the fact that we were ordered to the Shenandoah valley and engaged constantly from that time until I was sent to the hospital in September, show that I could not have had very much opportunity to disgrace myself or leave my command in so short a time. The whole record with all facts in the case was published by the press of the country in 1891 and 1892. If anything were needed I think the hundreds of telegrams and letters of congratulation being received now from the men who served with me in the field would convince any fair minded person that whoever attempts to smirch my record never saw service in the field or smelled burned powder.

"They should ask the men who served under me for reliable information. If there is a part of my life history that I am proud to leave as a heritage to my children, it is my war record. I can add that Dr. Wooster, of Grand Rapids, says he sent me to the hospital, as I was unable to go with the regiment. He found me unable to be moved."

Change in the Immigration Bill.

Washington, Feb. 6.—The conferrees on the immigration bill which was recommitted to them reached a second agreement yesterday. The requirement in the first report that immigrants shall read "the English language or the language of their native or resident country," is changed so as to require them only to read "the English language or some other language." This section was also amended so as to admit the illiterate wives and minor children of immigrants who are otherwise qualified and capable.

Death of Geo. W. Shanklin.

Indianapolis, Feb. 8.—A dispatch from Washington brings the news that Geo. W. Shanklin died in that city Saturday afternoon at the residence of Justice Harlan, of the supreme court, who married Shanklin's sister. George W. Shanklin is well-known in this state. He was born at Evansville, where he was for some years associated with his brother, J. Gilbert Shanklin, on The Courier, of that place.

They Condemn Emma Shirley.

Chicago, Feb. 8.—Stenographers and court reporters in this city are unqualified in their condemnation of the action of Emma Shirley in turning the state's evidence in the O'Malley case over to the defense. Saturday O'Mal[illegible] ...'s attorney presented evidence tending to prove an alibi, and further ... dence to prove attempts of the state to "induce" evidence of identification.

Resolution for Investigation.

Des Moines, Ia., Feb. 9.—Representative Funk, of Hardin, chairman of the ways and means committee, offered a resolution in the house Monday for the appointment of five members of the house as a committee to investigate the receipts and expenditures of all state departments to discover the cause of the state treasury deficit of $400,000.

Nicaragua Canal Bill.

Washington, Feb. 8.—The friends of the Nicaragua canal bill have given up the struggle. They will make no further effort to pass it at this session.

THE MARKETS.

New York Financial.

NEW YORK, Feb. 8.

Money on call nominally at 1½@2½ per cent.; prime mercantile paper 3@4 per cent.; sterling exchange steady, with actual business in bankers' bills at 486¼@486¾ for demand and 484½@485 for sixty days; posted rates 485½@487½ and 487½@488; commercial bills, 483½. Silver certificates, 61¼@63¼; no sales; bar silver, 64¾. Mexican dollars, 50¾.

United States government bonds strong; new 4's registered, 122½; do. coupons, 122½; 5's registered, 112½; do. coupons, 113½; 4's registered, 111½; do. coupons, 112¼; 2's registered, 96½; Pacific 6's of '95, 103¼.

Chicago Grain and Produce.

CHICAGO, Feb. 8.

Following were the quotations on the Board of Trade today: Wheat—May, opened 76¼c, closed 76¼c; July, opened 72¾c, closed 72¾c; September, opened 70¾c, closed 70¾c. Corn—May, opened 24½c, closed 24c; July, opened 25¼c, closed 25½c; September, opened 26¾c, closed 26¾c. Oats—February, opened and closed nominal; May, opened 17¾c, closed 17¾c; July, opened 15¼c, closed 15½c. Pork—May, opened $7.70 closed $7.70c. Lard — February, opened nominal, closed nominal; May, opened $3.82½ closed $3.82½.

Produce: Butter—Extra creamery, 20c per lb.; extra dairy, 17c per lb.; fresh packing stock, 8c. Eggs—Fresh stock, 14@14½c per doz. Poultry—Turkeys, 8@12 per lb.; chickens (hens), 6@7; roosters, 5c; ducks, 9@11c; geese, 6@8c. Potatoes—Burbanks, 22@25c per bu.; Hebrons, 22@23. Sweet Potatoes—Illinois, $1.00@1.50 per bbl. Honey—White clover, 12c per lb; extracted, 5@7c. Apples—Common to fancy, 75c@$2.25 per bbl.

Chicago Live Stock.

CHICAGO, Feb. 8.

Live Stock—Prices at the Union Stock yards today ranged as follows: Hogs—Estimated receipts for the day, 30,000; sales ranged at $3.25@3.55 pigs, $3.35@3.55 light, $3.15@3.25 rough packing, $3.30@3.52½ mixed, and $3.30@3.50 heavy packing and shipping lots.

Cattle—Estimated receipts for the day, 18,000; quotations ranged at $5.00@5.50 choice to extra shipping steers, $4.50@5.00 good to choice do., $4.00@4.50 fair to good, $3.75@4.15 common to medium do., $3.50@3.90 butchers' steers, $3.25@3.80 stockers, $3.70@4.25 feeders, $1.90@2.70 cows, $2.40@4.15 heifers, $2.25@3.75 bulls, oxen and stags, $2.90@4.20 Texas steers, and $2.75@4.00 veal calves.

Sheep and lambs—Estimated receipts for the day, 15,000; sales ranged at $2.75@3.90 western, $2.25@3.50 Texans, $2.25@4.00 natives and $3.50@5.30 lambs.

Milwaukee Grain.

MILWAUKEE, Feb. 8.

Wheat—No. 2 spring, 75c; No. 3 northern, 73c; May, 76¼c. Corn—No. 3, 19½c. Oats—No. 2 white, 18½@19c. Barley—No. 2, 31@32c; samples, 24@32c. Rye—No. 1, 37½@38c.

St. Louis Grain.

ST. LOUIS, Feb. 8.

Wheat—No. 2 red cash elevator, 86¾c bid; track, 89½@91c; No. 2 hard cash, 77c asked; May, 85¼@85¾ asked. Corn—No. 2 cash, 20½c bid; May, 21¾c bid. Oats—No. 2 cash, 16½c bid; May, 19¼c. Rye—Track, 33½c.

Detroit Grain.

DETROIT, Feb. 8.

Wheat—Cash white, 88c bid; cash red, 88c bid; May, 83½c bid; July, 73½c.

THE PRAIRIE STATE.

ILLINOIS NEWS NOTES OF GENERAL INTEREST.

Summary of Important Events of the Past Few Days Reported by Telegraph for the Benefit of Our Readers—Items of Special Interest to Illinois People.

Springfield, Ills., Feb. 5.—In the senate yesterday Dunlap replied to Litler's charge that he (Dunlap) was responsible for the state having a deficit. Dunlap declared that the Democratic legislature of four years ago was responsible. He closed as follows: "I am not criticising the actions of the Democratic party in making an appropriation to carry on the business of the state, but for its failure to levy a sufficient tax to meet its obligations." Bills were introduced—providing for a new judicial apportionment, making fifteen districts instead of thirteen; providing for free license to ex-Union soldiers and sailors of the United States to vend, hawk and peddle goods and merchandise in any county in the state; amending the law in regard to banks, loan and trust companies acting as administrators or trusts requiring a bond of $50,000 from such companies in cities of less than 100,000 inhabitants.

There was introduced in the house a bill which should it become a law will cause considerable annoyance to the banks, capitalists and other money-changing concerns of this state. It was introduced by Compton, and according to the title is to prohibit the taking of notes, bonds and other money obligations payable in any other than lawful money of the United States. It is intended to abolish the gold contract and the lease system. Salmans introduced a bill amending the laws in relation to money lending. It provides that where the interest charge is greater than that provided by law both the interest and the principal shall be forfeited.

Springfield, Feb. 6.—The senate was in session just ten minutes yesterday, with scarcely a quorum present. Bills were introduced: To incorporate life insurance companies upon a fixed premium plan, and to authorize assessment life insurance associations to do business; empowering the city council in cities of 100,000 inhabitants or over to declare department stores a nuisance and a detriment to business, and providing for their abolishment; making the larceny of bicycles a felony. Adjourned till Monday evening.

In the house the speaker announced the committees.

Springfield, Ills., Feb. 9. — No business was transacted in the senate yesterday. As usual at Monday sessions there was not a quorum present. Immediately after the reading of the journal adjournment was taken until this morning. The house met at 5 o'clock with less than a quorum present. The session continued only a few minutes. Bills were introduced: To prevent persons about to become insolvent from designating preferred creditors; providing that in attachment proceeding where the goods seized are liable to waste or deterioration, the court may cause the same to be sold and hold the proceeds subject to the determination of the suit.

FIGHT TO A FINISH.

Struggle Between the Whisky Distillers and Jobbers Is a Bitter One.

Peoria, Ills., Feb. 9.—J. B. Greenhut, formerly president of the whisky trust, says the fight between the distillers and jobbers is to be a war to the death, and the one with the longest pocketbook will be the winner.

All sides of the business are in the fight. The American Spirits Manufacturing company, the independent distillers, and the distributors are all in it, and each and everyone of them declares they will fight until they are killed in a business way before they will give up. The trade here, as a matter of course, is looking with anxiety upon the developments of the struggle. The interests involved are very large. Trade is almost at a standstill and has been in that condition for some time.

Desperate Burglars Captured.

Decatur, Ills., Feb. 9.—George Staunton and Harry Johnson, burglars and desperate men, were arrested in this city and taken to Champaign, where where they are wanted for blowing open a safe and setting fire to a house. When arrested they were both in bed at a cheap lodging house and were captured before they had a chance to resist. They had a large amount of watches and jewelry and other valuables in their possession.

Arbitrated a Water Bill.

Peoria, Ills., Feb. 8.—The board of arbitration authorized by Judge Grosscup, of Chicago, to settle the trouble over hydrant rental between the Peoria Water company and the city, has reported, allowing the receiver of the company $40,471, a deduction from the bill in favor of the city of $7,212.

Indictments for Murder and Arson.

Galesburg, Ills., Feb. 8.—The grand jury has returned an indictment for murder against Anson Gregory, who so brutally killed his wife three weeks ago, and for arson against Joe Shafer and Frank Nelson, who recently tried to burn up Williamsfield.

Illinois Military Appointment.

Springfield, Ills., Feb. 9.—The adjutant general has made an order appointing J. Mack Tanner judge advocate of the Second brigade, I. N. G., with the rank of colonel.

State Notes.

Mrs. Mary Wray celebrated her 105th birthday anniversary at Fairbury, Ills., Thursday. Her eyesight is good, and she is able to assist in doing the housework.

Carlyle, Ills., capital will branch out and open a national bank in Edwardsville, Ills. It will be known as the National bank of Edwardsville, with a capital stock of $50,000.

Captain Fred J. Maxwell, chief of police, Bloomington, Ills., is dead, aged 58. He was a native of Lockport, N. Y., and a prominent Republican in politics.

Howard Vandecar, at one time a well-known hotelkeeper at Abingdon, Ills., died in the Mission lodging house, 42 Custom House place, Chicago. He had squandered a fortune of $200,000 and died penniless.

Kinchlow Bros., of Hulls, Ills., have failed. Assets, $7,000; liabilities, $5,000.

HISTORY OF A WEEK.

Wednesday, Feb. 3.

A correspondent in Managua, Nicaragua, telegraphs that a revolution has broken out in Guatemala. Details are not yet obtainable.

A. W. Linderstrom, a farmer living on Anderson island, near Tacoma, Wash., with a gun killed his 5-year-old son and himself.

The First National bank, of Oakesdale, Wash., has voted to liquidate and notified depositors to step up and get their money.

D. T. Flynn, Oklahoma's delegate in congress, makes formal announcement of his candidacy for appointment as governor of the territory.

Henri Vever's collection of pictures was sold at auction at Paris. An American paid $15,500 for Daubigny's "Bords du Oise." This is the highest price ever paid for a picture by Daubigny.

Hermann Oelrichs, the well-known society and club man and steamboat owner, was sworn in at New York city as foreman of the February grand jury.

Thursday, Feb. 4.

Cullom has introduced a bill in the senate appropriating $100,000 for a new federal building at East St. Louis.

The Missouri legislature has passed a bill making silver full legal tender, and repudiating gold contracts.

Bob Fitzsimmons will start for Nevada on Feb. 12. Martin Julian, his manager, says Fitz will be given four weeks of hard training for the big fight.

The Missouri house has passed by a vote of 77 to 42 a bill prohibiting the playing of base ball on Sunday. It was a great surprise, as everybody thought it would be defeated.

Elias Courtner, 73 years old, residing at New Market, Ind., died after fasting fifty-three days.

Paddy Ryan, the old-time rival of John L. Sullivan, has agreed to meet the latter in a four-round bout at the Arena, Philadelphia, Feb. 17.

Dr. Nansen, the Arctic explorer, accompanied by Mrs. Nansen, has arrived in London.

Friday, Feb. 5.

The First National bank at Griswold, Ia., failed. In its last report the assets were placed at $147,000; liabilities, $80,000.

John Lee, a yarn manufacturer of Philadelphia, has made an assignment to James H. Lee. The liabilities are placed at $43,000.

Benjamin Henderson, a wealthy ranch owner and pioneer settler, near Ukiah, Cal., was murdered by a Mexican employed as a laborer on the ranch.

Judge Owers, the Leadville, Colo., jurist who is charged with being too fond of organized labor, has been prohibited by the supreme court from trying the alleged union labor murderers of Fireman O'Keefe.

The St. Louis authorities will prosecute bucket-shop keepers and close the tape games.

Saturday, Feb. 6.

John Giesen, a German, took a horse away from a crowd of boys at St. Louis and drove it to his hut and killed it for food.

Postmaster General Wilson recommends an appropriation of $200,000 to cover the expenses of the meeting of the congress of [illegible] the Postal Union.

Port Darwin, a small but important town in Australia, has been almost entirely wiped out by one of those fearful hurricanes which periodically strike the coast of Australia, destroying property and very often life.

Henceforth the commissioned officers of the "Volunteers of America," the movement organized by Commander and Mrs. Ballington Booth, will be vested with the powers conferred upon ministers of the gospel.

Charles Radbourn, the noted base ball player, many years pitcher for the Boston and Providence National League clubs, died at Bloomington, Ills., of paresis, aged 47.

The framers of the new tariff law are counting upon an increase of $60,000,000 in the revenue above what is yielded by the present law.

Monday, Feb. 8.

Charles Moore, of Moline, Ills., became violently insane in the Junction hotel in Defiance, O., and attempted to murder Louis West, night clerk, with a cheese knife.

Mrs. Merriwether, the mother of the attorney who most efficiently prosecuted the murderous Brute Duestrow, is a petitioner for the pardon of the St. Louis double murderer. Insanity.

Dr. O'Reilly, family physician to Presidents Harrison and Cleveland, has gone to Europe to bring home his insane wife who suddenly took passage across the ocean while demented.

The house committee on elections will report in favor of Judge Black's title to the seat claimed by "Tom" Watson, late Populist candidate for vice president.

Congress will probably appropriate money at this session to restore the historic frigate Constitution.

Captain I. Smith, president of the First National bank of Mason City, Ia., has gone to California for relief from consumption caused, the doctors say, by inhaling it from diseased cattle.

Tuesday, Feb. 9.

The senate has confirmed the nomination in executive session of Isaac H. Lionberger, of Missouri, to be assistant attorney general.

The Westerly, R. I., Woolen company has started up its mill after an eighteen months' shut down.

Merit

Is what gives Hood's Sarsaparilla its great popularity, increasing sales and wonderful cures. The combination, proportion and process in preparing Hood's Sarsaparilla are unknown to other medicines, and make it peculiar to itself. It acts directly and positively upon the blood, and as the blood reaches every nook and corner of the human system, all the nerves, muscles, bones and tissues come under the beneficent influence of

Hood's Sarsaparilla

The One True Blood Purifier. All druggists. $1.

Hood's Pills cure Liver Ills; easy to take, easy to operate. 25c.

A CITY OF THE DEAD.

PERE LA CHAISE, THE GREAT AND BEAUTIFUL CEMETERY OF PARIS.

It Contains 96,000 Mausoleums and Monuments—The Last Resting Place of Many Whose Names Live In History—A Battlefield In the Days of the Commune.

Pere la Chaise, so called after Louis XIV's confessor, who had his residence on the hill long ago, covers 106 1-2 acres and is laid out, like a miniature city, in nearly 150 streets or avenues and little paths. Bordering these are 96,000 mausoleums and monuments of every description, from the most magnificent tombs to the most unpretending urns. Each little house has its family name above the door, and few are ever without some fresh tokens of loving remembrance.

The French may not be a deeply religious nation, but they certainly do not lack personal affection and respect, and this is strikingly shown in their devotion to the memory of their dead. Ornamental wreaths made of beads or tin, black, white and colored, many of them with appropriate mottoes, were piled or hung upon the monuments.

Entering one of the main streets and walking up the hill, we were soon in a labyrinth of tombs. Inside of one little house, which had a glass door, there was a shelf built of marble, upon which stood a framed photograph of a man. On each side were vases filled with white lilacs, and underneath was stretched a white ribbon, and letters in gold upon it told that this was an offering from his sorrowful schoolmates. Three columns rising from one pedestal and resembling some fragment of a Roman ruin stood to commemorate three brothers who had wished to be laid together. Many monuments were like obelisks or in other Egyptian forms, showing the influence upon the fashion of the time of Napoleon's eastern campaign. One large column with a broken shaft stood alone in an open space upon a raised platform and attracted our attention because of the great number of wreaths and flowers piled high upon it. This was a monument to those whose burial places were unknown, whose deaths were shrouded in mystery, and whose mourners come here to pray and weep. As we looked a poor woman with a child by one hand added her little spray of chrysanthemums to the gay but pathetic heap. Soon familiar and world famous names began to claim our interest. Here lay Moliere and further on Alfred de Musset, the great poets, Chopin's last resting place marked by a beautiful figure. Lafontaine, with a little fox appropriately crowning his sepulcher—for who can mention him without thinking of the sly puss that got the crow's dinner?—Balzac, the novelist; Cherubini, the composer, and many other famous painters, authors and musicians. Then the brave men who fought for France—Marshal Ney, Napoleon's right hand man, who lies in a little inclosed lot filled with shrubs and flowers, but with no mounment, for when he died his enemies were in power and would allow none to be erected, and now its absence and the simple grave speak more eloquently than could the finest tomb.

Near by lies poor Villeneuve, who lost at Trafalgar and in consequence of Napoleon's displeasure received such a harsh repulse when he returned to Paris that he ran a needle through his broken heart. Just across the way from him is Parmentier, the agriculturist. He was the man who with the utmost difficulty convinced the dainty French that the potato was worth cultivating and eating. They say that Marie Antoinette helped him to attain this end by wearing potato blossoms with her beautiful ball gowns. However true this may be, certain it is that the vegetable is planted every year around the good man's tomb. There is one tomb which every one is sure to visit at Pere la Chaise, and this is the grave of Abelard and Heloise, the grave that has been the subject of so many songs and verses, and where lovers come to plight their vows and pledge their faithfulness. Very romantic it must be, too, on a moonlight evening, with the pale rays falling on the stone figures lying peacefully side by side, with folded hands, under the canopy of early Gothic style, with queer gargoyles at each corner. The story of the lovers is well known. They had many trials and tribulations, but at last they rest together, according to Heloise's last wish that she might be reunited to her idol. Through the tombs and trees we went higher and higher, until we came out upon a wide terrace and Paris burst upon our view. Paris, sparkling in the sunlight, spread before us in a glittering panorama, an immense expanse of white buildings with domes, towers, spires and bridges, and the Eiffel tower rising like a gaunt skeleton amid the feast of beautiful architecture. No wonder that the mutineers of the commune appreciated the fine advantages of position afforded by Pere la Chaise. Here they intrenched themselves and transformed the quiet cemetery into a noisy camp. Here they met the fire from the government positions, until finally they were overpowered by troops which scaled the heights, and the terrible slaughter took place when thousands of the communists fell among the sepulchers. Some poor wretches tried to hide in the tombs, and the merciless soldiers closed them up fast, so that to this day skeletons of their victims are found in their ghastly prisons.—Paris Cor. New York Observer.

In a Hurry.

Doctor—How is your brother, Miss Cynthia?

Aunt Cynthia—He's worse this morning, doctor—a lot worse.

Doctor—Did you give him that medicine as I directed—a teaspoonful every hour?

Aunt Cynthia—No, doctor. I just gave him the whole bottle at once. He wanted to hurry up and get well, so's to go to the pantomime tonight.—Strand Magazine.

MISJUDGED HIS COMPANION.

Queer Experience of a Traveler on a Lake Steamer.

"Speaking of misjudging people," remarked the young man who has money and can take pleasure trips whenever he feels like it, "I had a peculiar experience when I took the steamer trip up the lakes. I was little late in applying for a berth, and the clerk informed me that every stateroom was occupied, and he would have to give me a berth in the same stateroom with another person. I didn't particularly like the idea, but it was the best I could do, and, being very tired, I turned in. I saw nothing of my roommate, and, he having first choice of berths, and presuming that he would choose the lower one, I climbed up above.

"I wondered what sort of a man he would prove to be, and to be on the safe side I took my gold watch and pocketbook and placed them carefully under my pillow. I tried to stay awake until he came in, but the motion of the boat lulled me to sleep in spite of myself, and I didn't wake up until morning. The other person had turned in without disturbing me. I heard him stirring around in the lower berth. Cautiously I slipped my hand under the pillow. Both my pocketbook and watch were gone. There was no denying it. I searched the berth carefully and quietly. There could be no mistake. My handsome timepiece and several hundred dollars in bills were gone. I lay still for a long time, wondering what I would do. Perhaps he had hurled the plunder into the hands of a confederate. I felt pretty blue. Anyway, I would report the matter to the captain. I sat up in my berth with sudden resolve. A pleasant faced young man was sitting, fully dressed, on the lower berth.

"'I've been waiting for you to wake up,' he said. 'Do these things belong to you?' He was holding up my purse and watch.

"'Yes, sir, they do,' I answered severely.

"'Well, the blame things plumped down on me this morning about an hour before I wanted to wake up. The wallet struck me blim on the end of the nose and the watch nearly knocked my front teeth out. I was never so startled in my life.'

"I looked sheepish, I suppose; I certainly felt so, for, turning the pillow down, I found that the springs were of woven wire and lacked several inches of filling in the space at the head of the berth. My property had simply slid through and dropped upon the face of my startled stateroom companion. He took matters very good naturedly, and we got to be good friends before we got to Duluth. He was a wealthy young Englishman taking his first trip through our western country, looking for investments, and I found him a very companionable fellow."—New York Tribune.

A BEAR IN A CAVE.

Two Indians Went In by the Light of a Torch and Killed the Game.

Robert H. Davis tells in Gameland how two buck Indians of the northwestern coast tribes went into a bear's den and, by the light of a torch, killed a big grizzly bear.

A young law student got sight of the bear one day while he was still hunting. While trying to approach it the hunter alarmed the bear, and it ran to a 1,000 foot cliff and took refuge in a hole there. The student climbed up 100 yards on the face of the cliff and started rocks down about the hole, thinking to drive the bear out, but the bear would not start. Then he went to a nearby Indian camp and got Trinity Dick and a Pitt river Indian, who said they would go with the man after the bear if he would let them take the rifle. The student let Trinity Dick take the rifle and borrowed another for the Pitt river Indian.

"I waited outside," the student told Davis, "while the Indians went into the cave with a torch. I listened for a long time, then I heard the dull boom of two guns away back in the cave somewhere. Then all was still again for some time. After a bit Trinity Dick came out and waved his hand to me, then went back in. I followed and quickly came to the bear, which was already loosing its hide at the knife point of the Pitt river Indian.

"The cave was deep, with many arms. The Indians had followed the main cave, disputing with each other as to who should go first. Trinity Dick, being the eldest, got the place of honor, while the other followed, holding the torch high aloft. The bear was not in the main cave, and they went to the end without coming upon it. On their way out, however, the men were confronted by the bear at a distance of 20 feet. Trinity Dick told his companion to hold the torch steady so that the sights could be seen plainly. When the shot was fired, the bear pitched forward, and then a second bullet was fired into it. The Indians then turned and ran, loading their guns as they did so. But the bear never moved again."

Pleasant Exercise.

Stern Father—What were those peculiar noises I heard down here last night? Did you and young Comeback uncork any of my beer bottles?

Demure Daughter—No, papa. We were just going through some labial exercises.

Stern Father—Oh, I suppose these new educational fads must have their run.—Detroit Free Press.

The first system of modern fortification—that is, after the invention of artillery—was that of the bastion or Italian system, a bastion being a military work consisting of two faces and two flanks.

Philadelphia has just organized a Rainy Day club, with Mrs. Helen M. James as president. A skirt reaching to the boot tops has been adopted.

The distance between Washington and Liverpool is 3,228 miles.

REVENGE ON A SNOB.

GETTING EVEN WITH A NEIGHBOR WHO PUT ON AIRS.

The Man Who Made His Money Had a Grudge Against the One Who Inherited Wealth—A Patent Medicine and the Bill-poster Did the Trick.

This time the drummer was a traveling salesman for a large drug firm in Philadelphia, and he was, as he put it, merely knocking around New York to see if his goods were a drug in the market or not.

"The meanest, low down kind of revenge I ever heard of one man taking on another," he was saying when the conversation had got around to the anecdotal stage, "was told me the other day. I won't mention names of persons or places, for the parties are still living, but a dozen years ago there was hurled at the great American public through the newspapers from every dead wall in the city and every fence and barnside in the country, in millions of pamphlets and pictures, and by every means known to the skilled advertiser with unlimited capital, the name and virtues of a medicine that would cure all the ills that flesh is heir to, and this valuable truth was heralded forth with all painful and realistic details until it actually made the reader feel as if he needed some of the cure all as soon as he could get to it.

"In some sections of the country the landscape was alive with the glittering and glaring advertising of this wonderful medicament, and in one particular city and state it seemed as if every available inch of unoccupied territory was covered with notices of it. Bigger, too, than the name of this medicine was the name of this Napoleon of public benefactors, this healer of mankind, the great discoverer and Blank's Whatever-it-was, and Blank's Whatever-it-was was far more in evidence as Blank's than as Whatever-it-was.

"In the meantime one man in the city referred to above was gnashing his teeth and pulling his hair out by the follicles, and another man was laughing his lungs out. And why? Because one was the revenger, and the other was the revengee.

"And the nub of it is herein. Blank was a wealthy man in the city of Nameless, where the ads. showed up the thickest, and he was ultra swell and un-American and looked down upon earned wealth as compared with the inherited kind—he being an inheritor. He snubbed most of his fellow citizens when he had the chance, but he was particularly ready to down the man who was the architect of his own fortunes. He who made money was too utterly vulgar for anything. Across the street from him lived one of the kind he disliked so heartily, and this man was a millionaire and a gentleman. He had made every cent he possessed and made it honestly, and a snob was one of the objects in life he was gunning for perpetually.

"And Blank was one he had it in for more than all the others, for Blank he had with him always. He didn't know just how he was going to obtain his object in life, but he waited and trusted in Providence, and one day it came to him in the shape of a formula offered to him by a prominent physician who recommended it as very nearly an infallible remedy in certain cases. He listened quietly, said nothing, took the formula, made up his mind and one Sunday morning every Sunday newspaper in the city of Nameless and in all the cities in the United States fairly blossomed with the circus bill posters of Blank's Wonderful Whatever-it-was, and Blank woke up to find himself famous. He tore the carpets up in his vain pawings to assuage his wrath, but that did no good, for before the week was out there wasn't a spot on earth within reach of Blank's eye that didn't carry the hateful thing to glare at him and make his life a mockery and a bitterness.

"His was a proud name to be thus dragged through the mire of vulgar printers' ink, but he had no recourse, for the other man had found another Blank, one who wasn't so aristocratic and was willing to sell his good name at a fair price to decorate a patent medicine. It was the same name, yet in law it wasn't, and Blank couldn't do one earthly thing except groan in spirit and curse the day that the man across the street had been born. Once he threatened to challenge his tormentor, but on second thought concluded that it would further advertise himself and the medicine, so he settled down finally to accepting the situation and preserving a dignified silence, which he has done to this day.

"Now, just to show how Providence is always on the side of the right," concluded the drummer, "I may say that the man who risked his money to make Blank's name a burden to him made $500,000 out of the patent medicine, and to add somewhat to the romance of it he gave $25,000 of his earnings to a widowed sister of Blank, who had several children dependent upon her and had but a small income."—New York Sun.

Looking Forward.

"When I am rich," he said haughtily, "I will return and taunt you with the opportunity you have missed."

"When you are rich," she answered calmly, "I trust you will offer to pay for the broken leg of that spindle limbed gilt chair."

And he went forth with a hollow groan.—Cleveland Plain Dealer

Keys are made, to a considerable extent, by machinery, special dies for each variety being employed to cut the wards so as to fit a particular lock. The hollow keys, formerly made altogether by hand, are now in great part manufactured by a machine.

There seems to be no garment or other article of wearing apparel pertaining to woman on which a miniature may not be appropriately used as a garniture.

KANGAROO HUNTING.

Riding to Hounds After the Nimble Brutes In Australia.

There are two ways of hunting kangaroos in Australia—one followed by native hunters and the other by white men. The natives surround a herd of the animals, narrow the circle and then, when the kangaroos dash at them in wild efforts to escape, kill them with short spears and clubs, commonly called waddies. It is lively work for the native. The kangaroo uses its hind legs viciously and with great judgment, and dogs, horses and men have been torn open by the nails of its hind feet.

The white men prefer to follow the kangaroos with dogs. Every herd of kangaroos has a leader, known as the old man, or boomer, which warns its followers of the approach of danger by stamping the ground with its hind foot, making a booming sound that starts all the kangaroos in hearing on a run. A scared herd will run 20 or 30 miles at times, or until it reaches safety. A male weighs from 100 to 175 pounds and is 7 or 8 feet long. The English make up parties of hunters and follow the kangaroo with dogs somewhat like foxhounds, but of greater size and strength. Women and men join in the sport, riding to the hounds on good horses.

"Riding to the place where a herd of the beasts had been seen the day before by bushmen," a Sportsmen's Magazine writer says, "we came to the bush, a growth of ubiquitous ti trees and tree ferns, fit to brush one off his horse. Quiet was the word of caution passed when we came near the sparsely grown ground beyond the bush where the kangaroos had been seen. The dogs were called in, and then we rode from the bush into view of the herd's sentinel, and then away went the kangaroos, followed by the dogs, and we were at the tail tips of the dogs. The kangaroos could not run; but, folding their forelegs across their breasts, they sat down. Then, with tail and hind legs, away they went by hops, no hop being less than 20 feet long and others being more than 30 feet. They cleared shrubs 12 feet high.

"Curiously enough, the kangaroo travels faster up hill than down, the dogs catching up on the down slopes. The beast sometimes breaks its neck while running down hill by going head over heels. The does began to throw their young out of their pouches, and we knew they were hard pressed. They turned suddenly for the water. We found the dogs at a water hole with two boomers at bay. We dismounted and, drawing our knives, waited an opportunity to run in and hamstring them. A dog rushed in and was caught by a hind leg of a boomer and pressed under water, where it was quickly drowned. Then a dog got one of the beasts by the back and threw it, whereupon my cousin quickly hamstrung it, while I rapped its nose with my whip, killing it. We had kangaroo tail soup and steaks for dinner for several days."

WROUGHT IRON FAD.

It Had a Beginning In Germany In the Middle Ages.

There is no doubt that wrought iron is more and more used every year in domestic economy and decoration. Deservedly so. There is nothing that lends itself so easily to the requirements of both utility and art. Besides, it has an ancient and respectable history.

Germany in the fifteenth century produced much wrought iron work of a rather special character, such as the grave crosses and sepulchral monuments to be seen in the cemeteries of Nuremberg. Iron was also employed for well canopies, such as that at Antwerp attributed to Quentin Matsys. Originally a blacksmith from Louvain, he came to Antwerp to seek his fortune. There, as the story goes, he fell in love with the daughter of a painter, and, to propitiate the daughter as well as her father, exchanged the anvil for the painter's palette, and before his death, in 1531, he was successful in helping to raise the school of Antwerp to a celebrity equal to that of the schools of Bruges and Ghent.

Ironwork was extensively produced at Augsburg under the fostering care of the Fugger family, taking the shape of brackets projecting from the walls and grills over fanlights or in a balcony. Grotesque knockers are also common in Nuremberg. Keys were sometimes elaborately decorated, and the part which is now a common ring was once occupied by little figures in full relief, with coats of arms and the like. The French revolution was the cause of much splendid ironwork being destroyed, when, in 1793, certain provinces had to gather together every available piece of iron to transform into pikes and other weapons.—New York Herald.

Pope and Soldier.

The pope used to be the idol of the French soldiers during the occupation of Rome and did not disdain to maintain with them the intimate relations and cordiality of a village pastor. Whenever there was a regiment called heme, its members never failed to visit his holiness to obtain his benediction, and the soldiers were always warmly received. One day a trooper made a singular and daring request—that the pope would say a mass for him, for him alone. The pope consented. "But," said the soldier, "I want to be present." "Well," answered the pope, "come at 9 tomorrow to my private chapel. No one but yourself shall be admitted." "Tomorrow," suddenly replied the soldier. "Tomorrow I've got to go to the station to see some of the boys off; but the day after, pope, I'm your man." "Very well, my son," said the pope with a smile, "day after tomorrow be it."—New York Tribune.

Caught on the Fly.

He—Well, your sister is married. Now it's your turn.

She—Oh, George! Ask papa.—Boston Traveller.

IF ONLY THE DREAM ABIDE.

If the things of earth must pass
Like the dews upon the grass,
Like the mists that break and run
At the forward sweep of the sun,
I shall be satisfied
If only the dreams abide.

Nay—I would not be shorn
Of gold from the mines of morn.
I would not be bereft
Of the last blue flower in the cleft,
Of the haze that haunts the hills,
Of the moon that the midnight fills.
Still would I know the grace
On love's uplifted face
And the slow, sweet joy dawn there
Under the dusk of her hair.

I pray thee spare me, fate,
The woeful, wearying weight
Of a heart that feels no pain
At the sob of the autumn rain,
And takes no breath of glee
From the organ surge of the sea—
Of a mind where memory broods
Over songless solitudes.
I shall be satisfied
If only the dreams abide.
—Clinton Scollard in Century.

HER MODEL HUSBAND.

Levity Provoked by Her Reply to the Question of a Spi ter.

It was at a woman's luncheon, and they had been exchanging opinions in regard to the husband question, both as a whole and with particulars. By the time ice cream was served the discussion had grown quite heated, and the hostess was beginning to look anxious. At the top of the table the woman in the chiffon vest and her companion in the trimmed gown were at daggers drawn.

"Well, I don't care what any one says, my husband is as good as they make them," said the woman in the chiffon vest excitedly. "He always rocks me to sleep when I have a sick headache, and he gets breakfast when the cook is away, and he always gets up in the night if the baby cries." She glared at the woman in the trimmed gown triumphantly, and she in turn glared back and took up the parable of speech.

"Well, my husband," she remarked, with a strong accent upon the possessive case, "never does any of those things. I should be sorry to see him do any of them. I detest a man who steps over into his wife's province. But he always looks after the furnace, and I never have to worry about the coal bill."

The woman in the chiffon vest smiled disagreeably, and the hostess was about to interpose when the pretty woman at the foot of the table spoke up.

"My husband does all the things you have mentioned," she said sweetly, "and a lot more. When we have no girl, he washes the dishes and sweeps, and I've never had to get dinner once since we've been married. I always knew he was going to be lovely that way because he said so little about it. I never had much faith in the men who talk so much. When we were first married, we talked about it, and he spoke beautifully. 'I don't say I'll always do it, Jennie,' he said the first time I was without a girl, 'but I'll always help.' And he's been better than his word right along. Last night he even made the porridge, so it would be ready for breakfast this morning, and every morning he brings me a cup of coffee before I get up."

With the smile of a conscious conqueror, she toyed with her menu card and smiled sweetly at the angry women at the other end of the table. They were speechless, but the woman in the gold rimmed glasses who sat in the middle gave her a keen look and smiled too.

"Something has got to be done for the protection of us poor spinsters," she said merrily, "and if any one else tells a husband story I shall retaliate with a tale regarding a wonderful cat which I possess. But, first, before we quit the subject, let me ask a question. How long," turning to the pretty woman, "have you been married?"

The pretty woman blushed vividly.

"Nearly two weeks," she stammered out timidly. And the other women laughed in the unfeeling manner they so often affect.—Chicago Tribune.

The Rainbow Party.

The latest fad is the rainbow party, which derives its name from the fact that the girls wear pretty aprons of every shade and hue which their good or bad taste may suggest, all of which are left unhemmed. Every girl has a number, and two of them take charge of a box containing duplicates, which is placed near the cloakroom and from which the men, having previously bought tickets, draw a number, armed with which they set forth on a voyage of discovery to find the young lady wearing the corresponding one on her apron.

When all have found their partners, the master of the ceremonies proclaims the conditions—namely, that the young men are to set about hemming the aprons, the one acquitting himself the best gaining the prize. The girls supply the cavaliers with needles and thread, and at the call of "Time!" the fun begins with the efforts of the poor fellows to thread their needles. At the second call of "Time!" the work is handed in to the committee, which passes judgment upon it and awards the prizes, which sometimes are of great value, to the victors, after which the aprons are raffled for, and the party winds up with a dainty little supper.

Precautionary.

"Don't you think the true principle of life is for all mankind to go hand in hand?"

"I don't know about that. There are times and places when mankind has to have one hand on its pocketbook."—Chicago Record.

Michael Angelo seems to have believed that he received some of his most noted inspirations in a dream or vision. In one of his letters he alludes to the statue of Moses and intimates that the idea came to him in a dream.

Many have lived on a pedestal who will never have a statue when dead.—Beranger.

GIRL LIFE IN MEXICO.

She Has Considerable Freedom, but It Is of the Right Kind.

Mexican home life is unique. It differs very essentially from the domestic life of the Anglo-Saxon race, for it is founded on respect for parents. The influence of the Catholic church is powerful in maintaining a high grade of family behavior. There is a sweetness and a charm about a well ordered Mexican home which is a revelation to northern people who have imbibed a false idea of matters here. The women of the best Mexican families are naturally of a gentle disposition, but they command obedience, and rarely spoil their sons, whom they idolize. There are exceptions, but they are not enough to break down the general social discipline.

As for the girls, no reputable Mexican father or mother would allow for a moment the thought of permitting a girl of any age to be on the streets after dark unless accompanied by an older person, a trusted servant or elder brother. So, even among girls of the humbler class, there is no street strolling in the evening. They may, in warm weather, go to the alameda, or public park, when there is a band concert, but always under escort. They may go to a tertulia, or evening party, but with some competent person. They may dance, mildly flirt, on such occasions, but they are always under the watchful eye of a relative. There is plenty of proper freedom for young girls, and a larger liberty in the cities than formerly, but they are not allowed to run about without escort, and a very careful eye is kept upon them by parents and relatives, even to distant male cousins. Such a thing as a young girl or young woman of any character or family being upon the street at night, alone and unattended, is unknown. Your daughter goes to visit a friend in the afternoon and stays to tea. Then the gentleman and lady of the house, the gentleman alone or an old servant brings her home. So the streets of this big town are never the scene of foolish, flighty girls being followed and "picked up" by strangers.

And as for men who insult young girls and women, the remedy is usually a sudden and fatal one. In milder cases the newspapers give minute descriptions of the "satyr" who has insulted a lady, and the public is asked to take warning. One fellow, who, in an interior city, made an insulting remark about a lady standing at a window, was conducted to the alameda, and, in view of the chief part of the town's best society, was held down on a stone bench and caned until he yelled for mercy, and was then ordered out of town on the next train. He went. In another city a male teacher, who was "too fresh" in his conduct toward young girl pupils, was waited on by a deputation of gentlemen and asked to favor the city by his permanent absence. He, too, went.

The etiquette regarding the protection of women from molestation and insult is such as prevails in the southern states of the American Union. There is no fooling on the streets, in the theater and public places with respectable women. There is something left here of the old Spanish idea of the sacredness of womanhood, and the line is sharply drawn between honest women and the other kind.—Boston Herald.

NO BACKSHEESH.

Arabs Will Not Accept Any Gifts From Their Desert Guests.

R. Talbot Kelly, an English artist who has lived long among the Arabs, writes and illustrates a paper entitled "In the Desert With the Bedouin," which appears in The Century. In discussing Arabian hospitality, Mr. Kelly says: I had not much time for quiet observation, as one by one all the head men of the tribe called to pay their respects to the "stranger within their gates." Taking off his shoes at the entrance, each one advanced with many salaams and, kissing my hand, uttered the single word, "Mahubbah" ("Welcome"). They then seated themselves in a long row at the other side of the tent, discussing me in undertones. No one spoke to me unaddressed, and even the sheik himself, whose guest I was, would not sit on the carpet beside me uninvited. Literally, while the guest of the Bedouin, your tent is sacred, and all the tribe are your willing servants, and, though I have repeatedly paid comparatively long visits to them, I have never yet succeeded in pressing a gift upon my host.

I remember asking the sheik Saoui el Tahoui, chief of the Hanaardi Arabs, if he knew any of the pyramid Arabs at Gizeh. He replied, spitting upon the ground, "They are not Bedouins; they take backsheesh," thereby expressing his contempt for mercenary service. On another occasion, while living with the Nephaarta, the sheik Mansour Abu Nasrullah had attached to me a young Arab whose special duty it was to attend to my various wants while painting. At the end of the month I tried to induce him to accept a sovereign as backsheesh. Looking much alarmed, he exclaimed: "Oh, my master, I cannot! It is not allowed. The sheik would kill me if he knew I had accepted a gift." And all my arguments failed to persuade him to take the tip.

Following Directions.

Jones had been quite ill. One day the doctor called and found him in a bathtub.

"Why, man, are you crazy? You must be anxious to die."

"No, I ain't," protested poor Jones, "but didn't you say that your last medicine was to be taken in water?"—London Answers.

The Usual Way.

"Papa," said Jacky, "would you like to have me give you a birthday present?"

"Yes, indeed."

"Then now is the time to double my weekly pocket money, so's I'll have the money to buy it when your birthday comes."—Pearson's Weekly.

THE CHICAGO CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,
CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, McCormick Block, 69 Dearborn-St.

TERMS:

One Year, Single Subscription.....$2.00
Six Months.....1.00
Single Copies.....05

All Subscriptions payable in Advance.

Entered at the Postoffice, Chicago, for transmission through the Mail as second class matter.

The publishers will not be responsible for any money forwarded through the mail, unless it is sent by Express Money Order, Post-office Order, Draft, or Registered Letter.

All Communications of a literary nature should be addressed to the Editor. All business letters should be addressed to THE CHICAGO CITIZEN Company.

Official Newspaper of the A. O. H. of Illinois and the United Irish Societies of Chicago and Cook County.

CHICAGO, FEBRUARY 13, 1897.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st., between Clark and LaSalle-sts.—Olga Nethersole.

McVICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between State and Dearborn—Stuart Robson in "The Jucklins."

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Dearborn and Clark—Peter Dailey in "A Good Thing."

GREAT NORTHERN THEATRE.
Jackson street, between Dearborn and State—"The Mandarin."

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—"A Black Sheep."

CLIFFORD'S GAIETY THEATRE.
Washington-st., between Clark and LaSalle—"Zenda's King."

SCHILLER THEATRE.
Randolph street, between Dearborn and Clark—Vaudeville.

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Southwest corner Clark and Washington-sts.—Variety.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st, between Halsted and Union—Vaudeville.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

"It is not strength, and 'tis not steel
Alone can make the English reel,
But wisdom working day by day
Till comes the time for passion's sway.
The patient dint and powder shock
Can blast an empire like a rock!"
—*Thomas Davis.*

ENGLAND'S MILITARY DECADENCE.

While some of our so-called American peace-at-any-price idiots are hammering at the United States Senate for not passing at once the English three-cornered monte arbitration treaty, the British Secretary of State for War has asked for an increase of the British standing army to the number of about 7,500 men. A battalion each is to be added to the Scots Fusilier and Coldstream Guards, in order to bring them up to the strength of the Grenadiers, and other crack British corps are to be increased in strength. It is designed to keep a battalion from each of the three "Household" foot regiments constantly in foreign service, changing stations in turn with those remaining at home. This is only a modest beginning, because the military authorities don't wish to frighten John Bull with the spectre of increased taxation. Mr. Bull would very much delight to see a standing army of continental proportions, conscious as he is of his present weakness, but he shrinks, like a curmudgeon, from the expense. It is now almost impossible to keep the ranks of the small British army full, and the cavalry is so depleted in numbers that the military journals of England openly advocate the consolidation of several regiments in order to bring them up to fighting strength. This is particularly true of the light cavalry, who are mostly kept on foreign service. The French, Russian, German, Austrian and even American cavalry officers sneer in their organs at the ridiculously small muster roll of English cavalry regiments. Nominally, each organization is allowed 480 horses, but the troops are never full, and the regiments rarely parade more than an average of 350 mounted men. This is a scandalous showing, considering the imposing strength of other European cavalry organizations. Our own horse regiments are supposed to have a maximum of 100 men to a troop, yet they rarely muster more than 65, but, as there are twelve troops, this number aggregates quite a formidable total.

The English army has not tested its strength with a civilized foe since 1855. We have the evidence of recent military writers that the English recruits have deteriorated in physique since that period, and are lacking in the old esprit de corps which used to distinguish the British infantry in particular. The falling off in Irish recruits has been remarkable, there being only a little over 20,000 Irishmen in the whole British army at present. During the Peninsular war they contributed fully 50 per cent. of Wellington's army, and even the so-called Scotch regiments, like the famous 92d, were filled up by them. (See Maxwell's "Life of Wellington.") At the Crimean period there were over 80,000 Irishmen in the British army—as fine fighting material as ever the sun shone upon. Most of them were recruited at the famine period—they had no employment, and did not have sufficient money to carry them to America, because the English governmental system had beggared them. Hence they became, sorely against the grain for the most part, mercenaries. Their coats were English, but their hearts remained Irish, and when the Fenian movement came, in 1865, they were ready, by the thousand, to strike for Ireland if only the Fenian leaders in Dublin had had the moral courage to give "the word." Most of the Irish who now enlist are of a very different class from their predecessors, and are looked upon with scorn by the masses of their fellow-countrymen. Since 1865, the best fighting men of Ireland have come to America, and "the magnificent British (Irish) infantry," who used to be the pride of their generals, are now to be found in the great American cities, employed in every capacity in which courage and muscle count. England stabbed herself with a two-edged sword when she forced, by her savage cruelty, the stalwart and warlike Irish race from their native soil.

For many years, the British army has been modeled on what is known as the Territorial system. The old numbers, such as the 23d, 42d and 88th, and so on, have been dropped, and these regiments are now known respectively as the Royal Welsh Fusiliers, the Royal Highlanders and the Connaught Rangers. They are recruited in their various districts, and the militia regiments in each district are counted in as supplementary battalions of the regular organizations. It is contended by many that this system, coupled with short service, has lowered the morale of the British army, until now it is one of the least efficient of military machines, and would go to pieces if brought in collision with a first-class fighting power like France or Russia.

No wonder the military authorities want to increase the British army. No English government dare resort to conscription in Great Britain. The English are brave enough, but love their comfort and would rather, at any time, pay men to fight for them than fight themselves. The Scotch, too, are good soldiers, but there is no money to be made in the army, in peace times at least; and the likely Irish recruits have been weeded out. Under these circumstances, England is at her wit's end for fresh troops. Since Germany has been imperialized, and Hanover and the Hesses annexed, she can no longer hire her old friends, the Hanoverians and Hessians, to do her butchering. Verily, for any people save those disarmed and in slavery, she is a contemptible foe, and, for any power having a clear vision of the future, a dangerous and worthless ally. In her decreptitude, England would seek to involve the child she fought to strangle in her downfall. American statesmen, stand from under! Let her fall alone—"unwept, unhonored and unsung."

BAYARD AND WALES.

We see it spread broadly on the pages of several American dailies that Bayard banqueted the Prince of Wales in London the other night. One would imagine that Princes of Wales have ever been respectable people, and that American ambassadors — even such poor creatures as Tom Bayard—are honored by having them stretch their legs under their mahogany. This is a delusion. Several princes of that name "died with their boots on"—murdered by their own "gentle English cousins." Frederick Prince of Wales, father of George III, was known as "the greatest blackguard in Europe," and was so hateful in every way that his own family detested and despised him, and nobody mourned his premature death. His grandson, George IV, when Prince of Wales, was not alone a blackguard, but also a blackleg, a sharp, swindler and "welcher" of the race track. In his interesting book, "Ireland Before the Union," the late William J. Fitzpatrick relates how, at the beginning of this century, the Prince of Wales (George IV) wished to bribe Chifney, the famous jockey, to "throw" a race in which he (the Prince) was interested. George chose for his "go-between" a denationalized Irish military adventurer, named O'Kelly, who "approached" Chifney with the Prince's amiable proposition. The jockey, at first, refused to entertain the matter, but, finally, on being offered an annuity of £300, agreed to betray those who reposed trust in his professional honor. O'Kelly came at once to the Prince and told him of the agreement. "All right," responded the shameless George, in effect, "conclude the negotiation. Of course my name cannot appear in the transaction. Make the annuity a charge on your estate and I will reimburse you." O'Kelly did as desired, and the race was "thrown" by Chifney, bringing ruin to many confiding people.

The graceless O'Kelly then came to the Prince and asked for a settlement of the annuity, but the "royal" rascal put him off with bland promises. This process was repeated until, at last, O'Kelly died, and the heir to his property discovered the annuity, with notes by O'Kelly that revealed the Prince Regent's base connection with the transaction. He also demanded a settlement but the Prince simply laughed at him and invited him to dinner. How could any "genteel" flunkey refuse the hospitable invitation of this "sweetest, rascaliest young (?) prince?" The heir to O'Kelly went to the dinner and kept going until George finally came to the throne. The matter, of course, was never settled. Chifney, the traitor jockey, died soon afterward, and his young sons sought favors at the hands of the blackleg king. The "royal" villain used to treat them familiarly—to the extent even of giving them rides in his own carriage—but he laughed off every allusion to their father's annuity, which, as it was transmissible, remained a charge on the O'Kelly estate. "When the Fourth George to hell descended" the dirty transaction became pretty generally known in London, but the slavish press of that gross city did not dare to publish the royal scandal, for fear of offending the succeeding King of England, and of fools, William IV.

The existing Wales is the grand nephew of George IV—the race course sharp. What has he ever done in his fifty-six years of existence to merit the applause of mankind? Is he not—at least was he not—notoriously corrupt in a moral sense? Was he not mixed up in some of the most unsavory of English divorce cases—notoriously the Mordaunt case, when it was openly said of him that, being placed upon the witness stand, he "perjured himself like a gentleman?" Who was better known in the "sporting" circles of London, or among the lax-moraled actresses and can-can dancers of Paris? His putative mistresses can be counted by the score. Even still, bald headed and corpulent as he has become, his persistent notice would be regarded as a degradation to any modest woman. It may be said that these are "the common faults of royalty." Well, if they are, what do republican ambassadors want to distinguish the possessor of such vices for? Is Bayard a gay old duck, or what? Birds of a feather, as the old saying hath it, flock together. This may account for the recent social demonstrations of Bayard, the long eared, and Albert Edward, the "royal" relics of old decency.

LESSONS OF THE O'MALLEY TRIAL.

The revelations in the O'Malley-Colliander case remind us very much of the methods pursued by "the Crown" in Ireland during the reign of terror that existed from 1797 to 1803. Wanted a victim. He was indicted on ex parte evidence, placed on trial and testimony was speedily produced to prove him guilty, even though he were as innocent of the crime charged against him as the babe unborn. Mr. Forrest, defending Ald. O'Malley, has made strong charges against the state's attorney's office, and has even called for the disbarment of the state's attorney himself. The testimony of Miss Shirley, Mr. Deneen's late stenographer, was of the most startling nature, and indicated a resolve to connect O'Malley with the murder of Colliander on the very flimsiest kind of evidence. In the public prosecutor's office leading questions were asked of witnesses and answers almost forced from them in a manner utterly at variance with the acknowledged principles of American law. In this connection Assistant State's Attorney Pearson did not figure to advantage. During the trial itself witnesses for the state contradicted themselves, and each other, in a most singular way. Human memory must be a very treacherous agent of justice—taken at its best.

The worst feature of all, however, was the revelation of widespread and deep-seated hatred of Catholicity among the persons summoned as "talesmen." This revelation showed a depth of malignity, not unmixed with self-conceited ignorance, that simply astonished us. It is exceedingly difficult to believe that such ill feeling on the score of race and religion—particularly the latter—can exist in this free, and supposedly enlightened, country. And, in order to, if possible, justify the bigotry of organized Protestantism it has been basely attempted to prove that Catholicity is also organized for purposes of social and political oppression and ostracism. It is sought to arouse the most demoniacal of feelings—that of religious rancor for political purposes. But, in the end the "Architects of Ruin," known as the A. P. A., will reap the whirlwind from the wind of bigotry they have so deeply sown.

THE "INTER-OCEAN" BASELY IMPOSED UPON.

The local columns of Monday's issue of the Inter-Ocean contained a sensational parallel between the A. P. A. and Clan-na-Gael (so-called) oaths. In regard to the pledge, or oath, of the latter body, the Inter-Ocean must have been grossly imposed upon by evil-minded and designing persons. A society that had the Protestant Emmet for its chief hero, is hardly likely to exclude his patriotic co-religionists from its ranks. Besides, sectarianism is foreign to all Irish National societies. The United Irishmen of 1798 and 1803; the Young Ireland Confederation of 1848; the Phœnix Society of 1858; the Fenian Brotherhood, or Irish Revolutionary Brotherhood, of 1865-67—the so-called Clan-na-Gael—all these societies were non-sectarian and many of their chief officers, Theobald Wolfe Tone, Robert Emmet, John Mitchel, Thomas Clarke Luby and many others were Protestants. As Mr. M. J. Kelly has ably pointed out in a letter published elsewhere, the Clan-na-Gael Guards of this city carry the green, white and orange flag—the Irish Tricolor—adopted in 1848, and their plumes are green, white and orange in about equal proportions. Irish Protestants, and the descendants of Irish Protestants, are eligible to membership in the Clan-na-Gael guards. So much for the charge of sectarian bigotry against the so-called Clan-na-Gael.

In regard to American politics, the charge is equally false. No Irish National society is allowed to drag in, even in debate, religion or politics. Both are excluded. Officers who would permit the violation of these rules would be false to their trust and liable to impeachment and removal. The whole story was imposed upon the Inter-Ocean for the purpose of creating prejudice in the O'Malley-Colliander case. That is patent on the face of it, but it will have no effect. The A. P. A. and their agents never hesitate at a lie when it suits their purpose. It would now suit their policy to hang Ald. O'Malley if they could. It is sufficient for their self-justification that he was born in Ireland and is a Catholic.

SENATOR HOAR EULOGIZES IRISH-AMERICANS.

One of the truest friends of the Irish-American element is United States Senator George F. Hoar, of Massachusetts, "a Puritan of Puritans, and a Protestant of Protestants"—to use his own frank and manly phraseology. He was one of the non-Catholics who visited Worcester, Mass., at the time the Rev. Father T. J. Conaty left that beautiful city to assume the Rectorship of the Catholic University at Washington, D. C. At the banquet, given on the evening preceding the estimable clergyman's farewell to his old parishioners, Senator Hoar said:

"The single event most important to Massachusetts after the Revolution ended, until the Rebellion broke out, was the Irish immigration which began about 1840. We had good reason to bid those immigrants welcome. The relation of Ireland to Massachusetts and to American liberty, had been quite close from the beginning. In 1676, when Massachusetts was suffering from the terrible effects of King Philip's war, the generous people of Ireland sent over a contribution to our relief."

It was graceful, and grateful, on the part of Senator Hoar to remember the good works of the Irish of the seventeenth century in behalf of America. A century and three-quarters afterward, America returned the favor with a hundred-fold interest, when she dismantled her war-ships and sent loads of provisions to the Irish people whom the barefaced English robbers were deliberately starving to death. The American captains were astonished and confounded when, on sailing into the Irish ports, they met hundreds of British ships sailing out of them for English ports, loaded to the water's edge with beef, mutton, pork, butter, poultry, oats, wheat and barley for the English markets! There never was such a mockery of humanity in the history of the world. The English were not ashamed to rob Ireland of her resources, in the name of "law"—landlords' law—and then send around the hat for her relief! Oh, their hypocrisy is beyond the belief of decent people!

Further on in his admirable address, Senator Hoar said:

"They played no unimportant part in the Revolutionary service. One of the most striking and noble figures in that military history is the brave Irishman, Montgomery. The greatest military event in our war of Independence, until the surrender at Yorktown, was the expulsion of the British army from Boston. The foot of a foreign invader has not touched the soil of Massachusetts from that day to this.

"When Washington's army entered Boston, after his relieving Putnam on March 17, 1776, with drums beating and colors flying, and Sir William Howe with his army and his troops went out, an event which Burke said 'was more like the departure of a people than the retreat of an army,' the watchword of the day was 'St. Patrick.' The good St. Patrick came into Boston with Gen. Washington. And he came to abide.

"The catalogue of the brave soldiers that the Irish race has furnished to America is too long for repetition here. Besides Montgomery, there is Andrew Jackson, the great hero of the war of 1812, and Phil Sheridan, the hero of the war of the Rebellion, of whom General Grant once said to me with his own lips, 'General Sheridan is supposed by some persons to be capable only of a single brilliant and dashing exploit. There never was a greater mistake; he is able to conduct a campaign over an extent of territory as large as any nation in the world can cover with its troops.'

"But I need not go out of Worcester for example. The enlistment of the Emmet Guards at the very breaking out of the rebellion, a company composed wholly of Irish Catholics, was declared by Gov. Bullock to have been a public event of the very greatest importance. It assured the people of the North that the Irishmen of Massachusetts valued patriotism above party and valued country above life.

"Let us never forget the patience and courage of Plunkett or the noble and manly figure of McConville. I can see him now as he stood on the platform of Mechanics' Hall, when the young men were taking their departure. Let us never forget the death of O'Neill, who said as he was dying: 'Let the Union flag be wrapped around me, and put a fold of it under my head. Tell my mother I wish I had two lives to give for my country.' I have told the story a hundred times. I hope it may never be forgotten in Worcester, until time shall be no more."

The great Americans, like Wendell Phillips, Henry Ward Beecher, Horace Greeley and Senator Hoar, have always appreciated the devoted loyalty of the Irish people to America. Some of them took the side of the South, it is true, during the War of the Rebellion, but that was entirely a family fight, and the example of division was set by native Americans, many of them of most illustrious Revolutionary ancestry. In the Southern armies, as in those of the North, they proved their valor and military ability, and the names of Patrick Cleburne and Joseph Finnegan will forever adorn the annals of the "Lost Cause" and the "Conquered Banner," as those of Sheridan, Shields, Meagher, Corcoran, Smythe and Mulligan will illustrate those of the Union and the Starry Flag. No native or naturalized Irish-American of any distinction whatever, was ever found ranged on the side of a foreign power against the United States. Therefore, Senator Hoar has only done their fidelity justice—generous justice.

Speaking of the slurs of slovenliness and intemperance occasionally hurled at the Irish people by rancorous enemies, the Senator said:

"But these newcomers had their faults and their absurdities. They drank whisky, as our grandfathers drank New England rum. Chateaubriand said, long before the Irishman came over here, that the Americans were a nation of drunkards. I can remember, when in my boyhood, the Yankee farmers, of good New England stock, used to lie drunk by the roadside on a summer day, and the windows of their unpainted farmhouses were stuffed with old hats or coats.

"If these Irishmen were sometimes a little too ready for a mob, he might have found some Puritan examples even for that. There were no Irishmen in the mob that gutted Gov. Hutchinson's house. There were no Irishmen in the procession of gentlemen of property and standing that hooted Garrison through the streets of Boston."

There is too much of a disposition in many American public prints to charge all the sins and weaknesses of humanity to the account of the Irish race. Able editors sometimes forget that they, themselves, were not quite as enlightened even twenty years ago as they are today, and that forty or fifty years ago "hard drinking" was a common vice of even the most civilized nations. It is no longer respectable to be known as a hard drinker, and many men, eminent in American, aye, and in European history, judged by the social standards of the present day, would now be looked upon as eligible candidates for the Keeley cure. And so the world moves.

MRS. M. F. SULLIVAN.

Mrs. Margaret F. Sullivan, who partially succumbed to heat and the over work of an arduous profession last fall, is now entirely convalescent, and is visiting friends at her old home in Detroit, Mich. She will devote most of this year to travel, and will accompany her husband, Mr. Alexander Sullivan, on his vacation trip to Europe next summer. Mr. Sullivan urged her to accompany him when he went to Europe last year, but she considered her journalistic duties too imperative to be avoided, so she kept on working until her strength finally gave way. The innumerable friends of Mrs. Sullivan and her distinguished husband will be glad to learn of her recovery.

TETUAN'S UNFORTUNATE "DESCENT."

The Catholic Citizen, of Milwaukee, published in its issue of the 6th inst. a statement of Senor Alejandro (Alexander) Ribera, licentiate of the University of Salamanca, and now residing in the city of New York, relative to the Irish descent of the Duke of Tetuan (O'Donnell), Spanish Minister of Foreign Affairs, and a bitter enemy of Cuban independence. THE CITIZEN takes no pride in claiming any enemy of human liberty as a member of the Irish race—least of all when, if the statement of Senor Ribera is correct, he must be descended from one of the most hateful characters in Irish history. We admit that no man is responsible for the sins of his ancestors, but, at the same time, we would much prefer, if the Duke of Tetuan were a friend of freedom, to have him descended from some other O'Donnell than the infamous Niall Garbh (Garv) "the Rough" O'Donnell, who betrayed the noble Red Hugh, went over to the English enemy and became a Queen's O'Donnell. Both the Catholic Citizen and Senor Ribera misspell Nial Garbh's nickname and call him Nial Gary O'Donnell. For a pretty full account of this Irish Arnold, who like his American prototype was a very brave man and skillful general, see Mitchel's "Life of Hugh O'Neill."

The gist of Senor Ribera's interesting statement is as follows:

"In the reign of James I, Niall Gary (Garv) O'Donnell was Prince of Tyrconnell, lord of the mountainous county of Donegal, and chief of his name and race. He warred valiantly against the English, but at length was taken prisoner (vide Mitchel). He died in the Tower of London. From the brother of this chief, Charles Oge O'Donnell, descended the two young exiles, Henry and Joseph O'Donnell, younger brothers of Manus O'Donnell of Wilford Lodge, county Mayo.

"Henry entered the Austrian service, and rose to be a baron and a major-general. Joseph settled in Spain about 1750, and became a lieutenant-general. There was no need to ennoble him, as in Spain all the Irish exiles were recognized as nobles ready made. This lieutenant-general, Don Joseph, left four sons, all distinguished in the army of their adopted country. The eldest, Don Jose O'Donnell, was captain-general of Castile, and the youngest, Don Enrique, was a famous lieutenant-general, O'Donnell, Count of Abisbad, Regent of Spain in 1812, and captain-general of Andalusia. The second of the four, Don Carlos, also a lieutenant-general and a knight of St. Ferdinand, died in 1830, leaving two children, of whom the eldest, Don Carlos O'Donnell, was father of the present Duke of Tetuan while the second was Field Marshal Don Leopoldo O'Donnell, first duke of that name.

"The Duke of Tetuan was married in 1863 and has three sons, Don Juan Patricio O'Donnell, born 1864: Don Carlos Alfonso O'Donuell, born 1869, and Don Leopoldo Patricio O'Donnell, born 1874. One of these young men is aide-de-camp to Gen. Weyler in Cuba.

"The journal of the Royal Irish Society of Antiquaries on Oct. 6, 1890, published the following letter from the Duke of Tetuan:

'My ancestor, Niall Gary O'Donnell, was the last recognized Prince of Tyrconnell and chief of his name. As his lineal male representative I claim the heirship of those honors. If I am proud of being a Spaniard by birth I am quite as proud of being an Irishman by descent, and I sign myself 'Carlos O'Donnell of Tyrconnell' with as much heartfelt exaltation as I do Tetuan.'

"The duke is an honorary member of the learned Irish body to which he wrote this letter. It is said of him, in circles diplomatic, that for years he constantly refused the ambassadorship to England because of the wrongs which, he declared, had been inflicted upon his ancestors by England and her sovereigns."

We sincerely hope the Duke of Tetuan is mistaken as to his ancestry. He might as well be descended from the devil as Niall Garbh—so far, at least, as Irish sentiment in regard to the latter is concerned. Is it not probable that Tetuan is descended from Roderick O'Donnell, commonly called Rory of that ilk, the gallant brother of Red Hugh, who was exiled with the illustrious Hugh O'Neill soon after James I, alias "Slobbering Jim" came to the English throne? But no—Tetuan must be correct. No man descended from Roderick O'Donnell could be an enemy of human liberty.

At the worst, though, according to the account quoted, Tetuan is only collaterally descended from Nial Garbh O'Donnell, through the latter's brother, Conn, not Charles, who was killed while aiding his brother's treason against Ireland at Donegal Abbey in 1600. Nial himself, on the death of Elizabeth, went to England and did homage to James I who, however, refused to give him the title of "Earl," and said he should content himself with that of "Baron." Therefore, Niall, mad with disappointment, took up arms against the English when Sir Cahir O'Dougherty rose in rebellion after the "Flight of the Earls." He made but small impression, surrendered, was taken to England and confined for life in the Tower of London. His wife Nulla, or Nualla, sister of the glorious Red Hugh O'Donnell, forsook him when he first joined the English, and returned to her brother's castle. She subsequently accompanied Hugh O'Neill and her brother, Rory O'Donnell, to Rome where, like them, she died in exile. Nulla was the heroine of Mangan's famous caoine, beginning, "Oh, Woman of the Piercing Wail."

THE TRAITORS' TREATY "HUNG."

Gloria in Excelsis! The Benedict Arnold Arbitration (British provincializing) Treaty has been "hung by the neck till it's dead" in the United States senate. Senator Morgan did the hanging. For the first time in its history, THE CITIZEN prays that God may bless the executioner! Sic Semper Humbugis!

OPIE READ'S LATEST TRIUMPH.

We heartily congratulate our stalwart, big-hearted, generously brained friend, the Hon. Opie Read, on the success his play "The Jucklins" has achieved. Col. Read is typical of the sunny South—the section of the United States nearest like Ireland in the characteristics of its people. Nobody can describe said characteristics more life likely than the gallant and gifted Opie. If he keeps on winning fame as he is doing, somebody will soon arise to discover a cryptogram in his writings and prove that it was not he who wrote his own plays at all but some other fellow. He had better keep a sharp look out for the learned cipher fiend. Nevertheless we again congratulate you, dear Opie, most sincerely.

NOTICE.

Several articles, reports, etc., of general and local interest, are unavoidably crowded out in this issue. We will make amends next week.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY BUTTON.

H. R. Eagle & Co., wholesale and retail grocers, 68-70 Wabash avenue, have gotten out a St. Patrick's Day button, bearing a golden harp and emerald shamrock, with the firm name on the obverse. The firm has thousands of these buttons for distribution.

THE New York Bradley-Martins held their $300,000 ball at the Waldorf in that city, Wednesday night. The costumes, male and female, were in the

style of Louis XV and Louis XVI's epochs. By the way, Bradley-Martins, did not the French Revolution, of horrible memory, occur during the reign of the latter monarch? The coincidence was unfortunate, to say the least of it. Foolish Bradley-Martins!

THE CITIZEN is happy to announce that Mr. Roswell G. Miller, President of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul railroad, whose health has not been vigorous of late, is, according to recent advices from Los Angeles, Cal., where he is temporarily residing, rapidly improving.

SENATOR MORGAN, although he never was a sheriff, can give Grosventre Cleveland lessons in hanging.

THANKS particularly to Senator Morgan and the "ex-Confederate Brigadiers" that we are still Americans.

GRESHAM and Olney have both failed to hand us over to England as a vassal state. The American people would be justified in riding the next Secretary of State who may presume to try and make us the servant of an alien power on a rail.

A MOST telling point, made by Mr. Forrest, counsel for Ald. O'Malley, when the latter was on the stand, was his client's admission that he could not have been elected without the 300 and odd Swedish votes he received in the Seventeenth Ward. Several leading Swedish-Americans also testified to the good character of Ald. O'Malley.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

We particularly request our city subscribers who have been billed to send in their remittances without delay, and save us the trouble and expense of rebilling them. It is not much trouble to procure a postoffice or express order, to write out a check or to enclose money in a registered letter. The amount has to be paid some time, and the sooner the better. Don't fail, therefore, to send to, or call at, the Captain's office and settle up. "Short accounts make long friends." Take advantage of the milder weather and get the burden off your minds.

OBITUARY.

MR. HENRY S. ROSENTHAL.

Mr. Henry S. Rosenthal, one of the best known of the Stock Yards' merchants, died at 10:30 o'clock Wednesday night at his home, No. 3564 Grand boulevard, after an illness of six days, from pneumonia. Mr. Rosenthal formerly was senior member of the firm of Rosenthal, Lehman & Co., and was at one time a partner of Nelson Morris. He had likewise been a prominent stockholder in the old Stock Yards. Mr. Rosenthal's entire business career was spent in Chicago. He was born fifty-six years ago in Germany. When an infant his parents came to America, settling first in Cincinnati, and a few years later coming here. Mr. Rosenthal was a Mason and a member of the Lakeside club. His widow and three children survive, the latter being Mrs. M. J. Daube, Lubin L., and Elias Rosenthal. He was a gentleman of the most generous disposition and liberal sentiments, and was, consequently, immensely popular in his district, and, in fact, throughout the city. Everybody who knew the frank, cheerful, friendly Henry Rosenthal sincerely mourns his death. The shock to his wife and children is terrible, as he was, apparently, in vigorous health, and attending zealously to his business, up to Thursday of last week. THE CITIZEN extends to his bereaved family its deepest sympathy.

MR. JOHN FRANCIS HARDIN.

Mr. John Francis Hardin, the youngest son of Mr. Mark Hardin, died at his parents' residence, No. 432 W. Twelfth street, on the 6th inst., in the 25th year of his age, after a lingering illness. About two years ago the deceased contracted a cold from excessive bathing, but paid no attention to it until it became troublesome, when, by the advice of his physicians, he went to California early in the fall of 1895 and remained there until last July, when he came home very little improved. He had been slowly failing ever since until last Saturday, when he died, fully resigned, prepared and fortified by the rites of the Catholic church, of which he was a devout communicant. Frank, as he was usually called, was a great favorite among his associates and friends. He was gentle and affectionate in his manner, social and generous in disposition, and wrapped up in the affections of his family. The funeral occurred on last Tuesday morning from the house to the Holy Family church, where high mass of requiem was celebrated by the Rev. Father Lambert, assisted by two other clergymen. The funeral sermon was preached by Father Lambert, who attended him during his sickness, and paid a glowing tribute to the religious life of the deceased and to his happy death, and cited him as a model for young men to copy after. At the conclusion of the services the remains were reborne to the hearse and escorted to Calvary cemetery by a cortege exceeding 200 carriages. The pallbearers were members of the Young Men's Sodality, to which the deceased belonged.

MR. MICHAEL F. KEATING.

Mr. Michael F. Keating died Monday night at his home, 4734 Wentworth avenue, after an illness of three months. Mr. Keating was one of Chicago's oldest residents, having lived here continuously for the past fifty years. He was 70 years old and the father of Detective Dennis Keating of the stock yards police station.

An Old Nurse for Children.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething should always be used for children while teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.

IRISH-AMERICAN HISTORY.

[CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.]

ican, who can rise above the environment of today and look into the broad future. Fidelity, truth, honor, are the watchwords of such a purpose and under their noble influence should our work be done."

THE CONSTITUTION.

The Constitution adopted contains the following articles:—

ART. I. This organization shall be known as the American-Irish Historical Society.

ART. II. The objects and purposes of this society are:—

1. The study of American history generally.

2. To investigate, especially, the immigration of the people of Ireland to this country, determine its numbers, examine the sources, learn the places of its settlement, and estimate its influence on contemporary events in war, legislation, religion, education and other departments of human activity.

3. To examine records of every character, wherever found, calculated to throw light on the work of the Irish element in this broad land.

4. To endeavor to correct erroneous, distorted and false views of history, where they are known, and to substitute therefor the truth of history, based on documentary evidence and the best and most reasonable tradition, in relation to the Irish race in America.

5. To encourage and assist the formation of local societies in American cities and towns for the work of the parent society.

6. To promote and foster an honorable and national spirit of patriotism, which will know no lines of division, which will be based upon loyalty to the laws, institutions and spirit of the Republic to whose upbuilding the Irish element has unselfishly contributed in blood and treasure, a patriotism whose simple watchwords will be true Americanism and human freedom and which has no concern for any man's race, color or creed, measuring him only by his conduct, effort and achievement.

7. To promote by union in a common high purpose, a sincere fraternity, a greater emulation in well doing, a closer confidence and mutual respect among the various elements of the Irish race in America, that by putting behind them the asperities of the past, they may unite in a common brotherhood with their fellow-citizens for the honor of the race and the glory of the Republic.

8. To place the result of its historical investigations and researches in acceptable literary form; to print, publish and distribute its documents to libraries, institutions of learning, and among its members, in order that the widest dissemination of historical truth may be obtained and placed within the reach of historians and other writers and readers.

9. To sift and discriminate every paper, sketch and document bearing on the society's line of work before the same is accepted and given official sanction in order that its publication may be a guarantee of historical accuracy; to do its work without passion or prejudice, to view accomplished facts in the true scientific historical spirit, and having reached the truth to give it to the world.

The following are a few of a very large number of letters received by the provisional executive committee since the announcement was made of the proposed Historical society:

FROM ADMIRAL MEADE.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 8, 1896.—Dear Mr. Roche: Your note of Nov. 26 with its enclosure has only just reached me here. In reply I would say that you are at liberty to enroll my name as you desire. My ancestor, Robert Meade, who died in this city in August, 1754, was an Irish gentleman, who, having to choose between his conscience and his native land, chose to leave his native land for the sake of conscience and to cast in his lot with the people of the new world. He was one of the "Wild Geese." His son, George Meade, born in this city Feb. 27, 1741, died here in 1808. His life has been written for volumes of the American Catholic Historical society of this city. He was a patriot of the finest type, and his name is on the Roll of Honor in Independence Hall in this city. Since then four generations have borne the name of Richard Worsam Meade, and all, I believe, with honor. My father's younger brother, George Gordon Meade, is sufficiently well known to the country in connection with Gettysburg. In the life of George Meade, alluded to above, you will see what I say about "Irishmen." My father's mother was Margaret Butler, of this city, and she also traced her ancestry to a famous strain of Norman-Irish blood. No, sir! None of the Meades or Butlers are ashamed of their Irish lineage. Rather the contrary do we rejoice that our forefathers came from the Emerald Isle, the land of dauntless men and pure women, and that they represented the best blood of the island. Very truly yours,

R. W. MEADE,
Rear Admiral, U. S. N.

FROM THE GOVERNOR OF PENNSYLVANIA.

JANUARY 11, 1897.—Mr. Thomas Hamilton Murray, American Publishing Co., Lawrence, Mass.—My Dear Sir: It would give me great pleasure to unite with yourself and other gentlemen who are interested in recording the relation and influence of Americans of Irish birth or lineage to the history of our country, were it possible for me to be away from the Capitol on the 20th inst. I am in entire sympathy with the movement and hope to render assistance along the lines indicated in your letter. My father was born near Londonderry and came to this country when a youth. I believe I am entitled to membership in the proposed organization. Very truly yours, DANIEL H. HASTINGS.

FROM THE PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL ARCHDEACON OF PENNSYLVANIA.

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 8, 1897.—Mr. James Jeffrey Roche, Boston, Mass.—My Dear Sir: I have seen a notice of the meeting called for the evening of Jan. 21, at the Revere House, Boston, for the organization of an American Historical society, whose special line of research is to be the history of the Irish element in the composition of the American people. Although unable to be present, to my great regret, I very much desire to be counted one of the charter members of the society when it is organized. I am a member of the society of the Sons of the Revolution, and my name, as well as my family history, indicates my Celtic descent, a derivation of which I am very proud. I think the purposes of such a society are admirable, and if I can do anything to further its objects I shall be delighted. Kindly advise me of the receipt of this letter at your convenience, and oblige. Very sincerely yours. C. T. BRADY,
Archdeacon of Pennsylvania.

FROM THE REV. DR. SHAHAN.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 18, 1897.—Dear Capt. Tobin: I regret to say that it will be practically impossible to go to Boston. I cannot very well leave all the work I have on hand, and I must go back again the following week, for Monday, the 25th, to Hartford. But I am entirely in favor of the good work, and I hope that from the beginning it will be a success. I regret again very much, that so many duties all crowd in on the end of January, and make it impossible to be with so many men of one mind and one race next Wednesday. If members are proposed please put me down as one. Yours sincerely,

THOMAS J. SHAHAN.

FROM SENATOR HOAR.

WORCESTER, Mass., Nov. 12, 1896.—Dear Mr. Murray: I think your plan for an historical society is excellent. The facts in regard to this most important contribution of our national life ought to be collected and preserved. If, as I am sure they will, they are collected and preserved in the true historic spirit, without concealing or slurring over, or exaggerating anything, they will be of great value. Let no Irishman be ashamed of his origin or the humble condition from which so many of his countrymen came. The Irish race has done a great service to America. They made a splendid contribution toward saving our national life during the Rebellion. The story of their generosity and affection for the kindred they left behind is one of the most touching and stirring in history. But they have had, have now, and will continue to have for a good while to come, grave faults. To say this is only to say that they are human. Do not be afraid to record their faults as well as their virtues, and the faithful portraiture will be one well deserving a place in our nation's gallery. I am, with high regard, faithfully yours,

GEORGE F. HOAR.

FROM DR. THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH.

NEWARK, N. J., Jan. 11.—Dear Sir: My age and consequent infirmities prevent me from attending too many night meetings in a month. I have promised to be present on the 16th at the annual dinner of the Alumni of the University of Pennsylvania, and on the 25th to attend the Burns celebration of the Newark Caledonian club. This is about as much as I can attend to without endangering my health. I regret, however, my enforced absence because I have a cordial sympathy with the proposed movement. As a descendant on my father's side through over two centuries of American ancestors from Norman Irish stock, and more immediately on my mother's side from the Gaelic, I naturally take an interest in all that concerns the honor and reputation of my lineage. I therefore beg of you to place my name on the list of original members when you organize.

I have a further interest in the matter as a native American desiring that our Federal and State historical records should be accurate and complete. Writers covering the part played by Irishmen in this country's history generally confine themselves to services rendered during a revolutionary and post-revolutionary wars; and these the enemies of Ireland constantly depreciate and the friends of Ireland sometimes exaggerate. Both sides lose sight of the fact that very much is due to Irish efforts in the colonization of the country and in its civil and social development. The society proposed will be able to show how much the Quaker Irish in Philadelphia and its vicinity, the Catholic Irish in Maryland, and bodies and individuals of them elsewhere on the seaboard did to develop our civilization and promote our progress. The society will have a rich and poorly-worked mine of historical wealth in another quarter. The Appalachian and Alleghanian ranges and their immediate valleys found large numbers of Irish settlers among the pioneers, and from Londonderry in New Hampshire to Murphy and Coleraine in Georgia there extends a long line of settlements where many customs, terms, phrases and modes of thought and action attest the country of the founders. "The dark and bloody ground" of Kentucky has among its residents so many with Hibernian names, though the sept mark of O', has been dropped in many cases, the Macs being more adherent, that in calling off the assessment rolls in some quarters it would seem to the hearer as though he had dropped in upon the meeting of some Irish society. With my best wishes for the thorough success of the proposed organization, I am yours truly. THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH.

FROM VERY REV. DR. CONATY.

WORCESTER, Nov. 20, 1896.—My Dear Sir: I am in full accord with a movement toward the establishment of an American Historical society according to the lines projected by you. The object is most praiseworthy and the results will be most valuable. It is a shame for us that so much valuable matter has been lost because of no medium of salvation. Let us save what we can and gather together the records of our race in the fields of literature, patriotism, business and professional life. The story has not been fully written, but when this has been done, it will be found that our people have done their share in the work of civilization, liberty and letters in the great Republic for the preservation of which so many generously gave their lives. You have my best wishes and you can depend upon my earnest co-operation. Yours very truly,

THOMAS J. CONATY.

FROM HON. E. A. MOSELEY.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 6.—Dear Sir: I am very glad indeed to know that there will be an American Historical society whose special line of research will be the history of the Irish element in this country, and I will cheerfully aid in the work as far as I can.

I am ninth in descent from Lieut. Thaddeus Clark, who came from Ireland, and died in Portland, May 16, 1690. He was lieutenant of a company of men engaged in the defense of Falmouth, now Portland, during the Indian war. He fell into ambuscade with his company while making reconnoitre, and was killed with twelve of his men.

I am eleventh in descent from Deputy Governor George Cleeves, who was the founder of Portland, formerly Falmouth. I have the impression that he was an Irishman also.

I am sixth in descent from Lieut. John Brown, of Belfast, Me., who came with his father from Londonderry, Ireland, and was one of the settlers of Londonderry, N. H. He was chairman of the first Board of Selectmen of Belfast, Me., chosen Nov. 11, 1773, '74 and '75. He removed from Londonderry, N. H. While residing in Londonderry he had been a commissioned officer in the Provincial army and had served in the French war. He was one of the Committee of Safety and Inspection.

If I had the time for research I feel that I could find others of my ancestors who came from Ireland. With kindest regards, sincerely yours,

EDWARD A. MOSELEY.

FROM DR. THOMAS ADDIS EMMET.

NEW YORK, Jan. 4, 1897.—Mr. Joseph Smith, Lowell, Mass., Dear Sir: I am too much occupied with my professional engagements to be able to get away from home at this season, and I will therefore not be able to attend the meeting for organizing the society on Jan. 20. But I am in close sympathy with the movement, and believe that there exists a large and promising field for an Irish Historical society in this country. This opinion is based on the fact that during a long life I have devoted the greater part of my leisure time to the study of American history. Until recently I possessed probably the largest library and the largest collection of autographic documents bearing on American history ever held by one individual. From my knowledge thus gained I am firmly of the conviction that the Irish, by birth or descent, have contributed during the past 200 years, and from every station in life, more in number, more brain-work and muscle for the development of the country at large than has been furnished by every other nationality of the world combined.

With some experience in getting up such an undertaking, I will take the liberty of making a suggestion: The success of the proposed society will rest entirely, I believe, on one feature—putting it in the hands of young men, who must be put forward with the responsibility to do the work. It is but proper that the older men should make the first move, give it their support and contribute hereafter so far as they may be able to do, but unless the young men become interested in the undertaking and sufficiently to be willing to do the work, it will prove a failure. Your very truly,

THOMAS ADDIS EMMET.

FROM THE NATIONAL COMMANDER OF THE UNION VETERAN LEGION.

WILMINGTON, Del., Jan. 20.—Respected Sir: I am in hearty sympathy with your proposed organization and should feel myself honored by being considered a member of it, and will work to the best of my ability to accomplish the desired purpose in the limited field presented to me in this State of Delaware. I am now engaged in convention at Dover, Del., framing a new Constitution for our State, and will have more leisure when that has been accomplished. In the meantime I beg to assure you of my sincere thanks and high appreciation at the honor conferred upon me by yourself and honorable colleagues in so worthy a movement, and have the honor to remain, very truly.

JOHN P. DONAHOE,
National Commander.

HON. JOHN BARTON PAYNE.

A Slander Against One of the Judges of the Superior Court Promptly Refuted.

[To the Editor.]

CHICAGO, Feb. 11.—Last Wednesday there appeared in the noon edition of a newspaper published in this city a statement to the effect that Judge John Barton Payne was generally believed to be a member of that proscriptive and bigoted organization the A. P. A., and consequently would have arrayed against him seven-eighths of the Irish vote in the event of his being nominated for a certain office with which his name has recently been associated. Having the honor and pleasure of knowing Judge Payne intimately for many years, and being in a position to observe his brilliant and noble career since his arrival in this city, I am impelled as a matter of justice to encroach upon your valuable space for the purpose of expressing my dissent from what I believe to be a false, unjust and wanton attack.

When this distinguished gentleman was running for the high position he now so richly adorns, your patriotic and fearless newspaper, moved by that exalted sense of justice and fair play which has always so happily been its predominant feature, boldly and manfully defended him when his political foes sought to bring about his defeat by just such false and contemptible methods as the paper in question is now pursuing. You showed, Mr. Editor, at the time to which I allude through the correspondence of Catholic bishops and priests who were acquainted with Judge Payne from his boyhood days, that if all Americans were as liberal, as high-minded and as eminently fair as he, A. P. A. principles would not long flourish on the free soil of this great Republic.

Why should any newspaper, and particularly one that knows absolutely nothing about the Irish race, presume to speak for that race, and say that seven-eighths or any other portion of it is arrayed against any man for any position. Personally, I don't know what candidate the Irish-American voters favor for any office, but I believe they are intelligent enough, when the time comes, to cast their votes like loyal American citizens as their judgment dictates will best subserve the interests of our beloved city.

Why does not the newspaper in question say that Judge Payne will have arrayed against him seven-eighths of the American or German-American vote? Are we less honorable or worthy of respect than they? Or does this newspaper believe that we are mortgaged to such an extent that we must calmly submit with impunity when grossly insulted and humiliated by being told that our manhood and political independence have forever disappeared. Henceforth let us proclaim to the world that we are independent American citizens, desiring only the same consideration as others at the hands of our fellows. No more, no less.

In conclusion, let me say, that while I have no interest whatever in the political ambition of any man, I repeat what every honorable gentleman believes who personally knows Judge John Barton Payne, that there is not in our great city today a grander and nobler character, nor a more exemplary and ideal American citizen than he.

Yours truly,
P. B. FLANAGAN,
611 Ashland Block.

SOCIAL EVENTS.

Charity balls have been numerous this year, but never more enjoyable than the one which took place at Thornton hall Wednesday evening under the auspices of the ladies of St. Bernard's Church. Mrs. P. T. Barry, of 6600 Yale street, proved herself an able chairman, and was assisted by Mrs. J. J. Driscoll, Mrs. M. M. Keefe, Mrs. J. P. Dixon and Mrs. J. J. Kelly. This committee had the entire charge of all the details, and to them alone the great success of the ball is due. The beautiful ball-room was decked with long looped rows of smilax, entwined with La France roses and pink carnations. The grand march was led by Mrs. J. J. Kelly and P. T. Barry on one side and Mrs. J. J. Driscoll and S. J. Morand on the other.

The ladies of the Sheridan Club held a progressive euchre party Wednesday. Along with the card playing, dancing and an elaborate luncheon were features of the afternoon. The clubrooms were decorated with palms and cut flowers. The prizes were won by Mrs. Wolford, Mrs. E. Queeney, Miss Hattie O'Brien and Miss H. McCracken.

IRISH-AMERICAN COUNCIL.

There will be a meeting of the Irish-American Council on Sunday, Feb. 21, at 2 p.m., in Fitzgerald's hall, corner of Halsted and Adams streets, to make arrangements for March 17. Societies are requested to send three delegates.

JOHN FOLEY, President.
FRANK CONROY, Secretary.

Sexton's Magazine.

Sexton's Magazine is the name of a handsome publication printed in this city by John Sexton & Co., tea merchants. It is very well gotten up, carries a fine line of advertising and its original matter and selected articles are very much above the average. Mr. John Sexton has been a success as a merchant, and we hope he will be equally so as a publisher.

Deafness Cannot be Cured

by local applications as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Blushing Is a Disease.

The doctor who says that blushing is a nervous disease may be all right, but many would like to see the ailment more prevalent. Blushes are a good thing, but no one has any reason to blush for St. Paul & Duluth Railroad, for its equipment is always of the latest and best, and it is always in the foremost rank. This is attested by the wide popularity enjoyed by the Duluth Short Line among those who travel between St. Paul, Minneapolis, Duluth, West Superior, Stillwater, Taylor's Falls and other important Northwestern points, and this popularity has never weakened for an instant. Fast, luxurious trains running smoothly at convenient hours, are appreciated by the general public, and the results tell their own story. For circulars, maps, time tables and general information, apply to ticket agents or write to W. A. RUSSELL, General Passenger Agent, St. Paul, Minn.

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JAMES MAHER,
Attorney and Counsellor-at-Law.
79 Clark Street,
ROOM 16. CHICAGO.
TELEPHONE MAIN [illegible]

H.R.EAGLE
70 WABASH AVENUE.

WE give you twice the quantity of goods for your money that you used to get. The following prices are an evidence:

Swift's Kettle Rendered Lard

In 10-lb pails, per lb.....4½ cents
In 20-lb pails, per lb.....4¼ cents
In 60-lb pails, per lb..... 4 cents

A 25-lb box Fresh Soda Crackers for.....98 cts
A 3-lb box Best A B C Soda Crackers for.....15 cts
Pearled Barley, Green Peas, Navy Beans, German Sago, per lb.....1½ cts
A 15-lb pail Family Whitefish for.45 cts
Imported Holland Herring, per keg.....49 cts
A 10-inch Turkey Feather Duster for..... 7 cts
Whole Pepper, Whole Allspice, Whole Cloves, per lb..... 6 cts
100 2-grain Quinine Pills for.....19 cts
Large bottle Imported Capers, is worth 50c, sale price.....10 cts
Gallon cans Table Apples for.....14 cts
2-lb cans Fancy Sweet Sugar Corn, per can..... 5 cts
3-lb cans Red Ripe Solid Meat Tomatoes, per can.....6½ cts
Speet Pickled Pork, per lb.....3½ cts
Best Cured Breakfast Bacon, per lb..... 6 cts

FOR 4 CENTS

We will sell any of the following items and as many of them as you may want:

Fancy N. Y. Evaporated Apples, per lb.....4 cts
Candied Lemon Peel, per lb.....4 cts
English or Black Walnuts, per lb..4 cts
Lang's Sweet Chocolate, per cake.4 cts
A box of 3 cakes of Toilet Soap for.4 cts
2-lb cans Red Cherries, per can....4 cts
2-lb cans Canadian Blueberries, per can.....4 cts
2-lb cans Blackberries, per can....4 cts
3-lb cans Pumpkin, per can.....4 cts
Fresh Oyster Crackers, per lb.....4 cts
Armour's Best Laundry Soap, per bar.....4 cts
Boneless Codfish, per lb.....4 cts
Neufchatel Cheese, each.....4 cts
Pint bottles Best Ammonia for....4 cts
Large Wood Scrub Pails, each....4 cts
3-lb cans Apples, per can.....4 cts
Red Ring Pepper Sauce, per bottle.4 cts
1-lb packages Mixed Bird Seed for.4 cts

OUT-OF-TOWN TRADE.

We make a specialty of caring for mail orders, which receive careful attention and are promptly shipped. We can save you money on everything you buy. All our goods are guaranteed as represented or money refunded. Write us. We want your trade.

H. R. EAGLE & CO.,
Wholesale and Retail Grocers,
63 and 70 Wabash Avenue.

If you want anything in Green Goods for

ST. PATRICK'S DAY

UNIFORMS, FLAGS, BADGES, BANNERS, SHAMROCKS or HALL DECORATIONS,

Call on or write to

JOHN BEEGAN,
226 S. HALSTED STREET:
CHICAGO, ILL.
A. O. H. Regalias A Specialty.

DR. A. F. CONROY,
DENTIST,
McVicker's Theatre Building,
ROOM 20.

Set of Teeth.....$4.00
Best Set..... 8.00
22k. Gold Crowns..... 4.75
Silver Filling..... .30
Gold Filling..... 1.00
Bridge Work, per tooth..... 5.00
Gold Plates.....30.00

Harelip or Cleft Palate Cancers, Tumors and all diseases of the mouth a Specialty. Consultation Free. Children's teeth examined free on Saturday from 2 to 4 p. m.

JAMES LEDDY,
WHOLESALE DEALER IN
Teas & Coffees,
High Grade Wines Retailed to Families at wholesale prices. All orders delivered promptly free of charge.
1252 WENTWORTH AVENUE.

SUNSET.

By down and shore the southwest bore
The scent of hay, an airy load,
As if at fault it seemed to halt,
Then, softly whispering, took the road,
To haunt the evening like a ghost
Or some belated pilgrim lost.

High overhead the swift clouds sped.
Beside the moon they furled their sails.
Soon in the skies their merchandise
Of vapor, built in toppling bales,
Fulfilled a visionary pier
That spanned the eastern atmosphere.

Low in the west the sun addressed
His courtship to the dark browed night
While images of molten seas,
Of snowy slope and crimson height,
Of valleys dim and gulfs profound,
Aloft a dazzling pageant wound.

Where shadow fell in glade and dell
Uncovered shoulders nestled deep,
And here and there the braided hair
Of rosy goddesses asleep,
For in a moment clouds may be
Dead and instinct with deity.
—Saturday Review.

A FAIR CANDIDATE.

The machine of one of the political parties of Butte county was at work. The wheel horses of the organization were in executive session, and the manufacture of a slate for the ratification of the county convention was in progress. Everything had been settled without friction up to a certain point, but here the making of candidates came to a full stop. Some one must be selected to run for superintendent of schools, and some one else must be found who was disinterested enough to stand for the place of county surveyor, with the nominal emoluments pertaining thereto. This latter problem was settled, after a brief discussion, by the powers insisting that Al Wood, the incumbent, who was present, must stand for re-election, whether he liked it or not, but a duly qualified candidate for superintendent of schools was not so easily found. The man who had held that position for two years past had the bad taste to give up his office and his grasp on life at the same time only two weeks before, thus leaving his party in a quandary for a candidate to succeed him. Of course there were plenty of aspirants for the nomination, but most of them were unavailable for reasons political, and the candidate must be a person who was popular with the voters of the county.

Jimmie Van Wert, the handsome young assayer of the Spread Eagle mill, had been sitting in a dark corner of the office in which the conference was being held, smoking quietly and saying very little until now, but he finally put in his oar long enough to suggest that "Professor" Striker, the young principal of the local school, would make a good man for the office.

"Yaas," assented Judge Bullock, the venerable justice of the peace, "but they don't know him out in th' kentry, an we got t' have some feller th't c'n ketch th' soutside vote. Now, Jimmie, look here. What's th' matter with you runnin f'r super'nt'nd'nt y'rself?"

"Don't get me mixed in on a deal like that," ejaculated Van Wert fervently. "I don't want any old office. I've got troubles enough now."

But Judge Bullock's suggestion met with unanimous approval on the part of all the others present, and very much against his will Mr. Van Wert was slated for the position and duly placed in nomination by the convention a few days later. It was two weeks before he found out what sort of an opponent he was to have, and then, much to his disgust, he learned that the other party had nominated a girl.

This was almost enough to make him throw up the canvass. The idea of the other fellows thinking that he could be beaten by a woman! Then he consoled himself with the reflection that perhaps they knew they couldn't beat him and had merely put up this Miss Smith to act as a forlorn hope. Thenceforth he did not put much activity into his canvass, but atteneded to business pretty much as usual, serene in the belief that the voters of Butte county were not yet arrived at the stage of progression when they would permit a woman to hold office. And all this time, be it known, this heretofore unknown and mysterious Miss Smith was becoming known to the voters of the county, and, what was more, she was winning a good deal of support from sources upon which Van Wert confidently counted.

It lacked only about ten days of election day when Van Wert, with a sudden shock, came to his senses. Two or three things had occurred to detract from his overconfidence. Among these was the avowal on the part of several personal and political friends of their intention to support Miss Smith, giving as their reasons that she had a good record as an educator and was, without doubt, well qualified for the office; that she wanted the office and was making a hard fight for it, and that Van Wert didn't want it and didn't need it. On top of this he was informed that his opponent had been out in the "cow districts" and had the cowboy vote pretty well "cinched." This cheering announcement came from two or three of the "bosses" who called on him to see if he didn't think it worth while to get out and save his political scalp by "hustling" like the rest of the candidates. "We'll have the committee fix some dates for you to speak, and you've got to fill 'em, Jimmie. If you don't, you're a gone goose," said they.

So, with the inward fear that he might, after all, be defeated, Van Wert began in earnest the effort to save himself. He did not care for the office, but he dreaded defeat at the hands of a woman, being one of the kind of men who do not believe the gentler sex has any business in politics. He pictured Miss Smith as a big, gaunt, red haired, self assertive person, with large, red hands and a snappy way of speaking, and was quite surprised to learn that she was really a very ladylike young woman, tipping the beam at about 110 pounds.

It lacked but four days of election day, and the various candidates were putting in every hour possible in making speeches and seeing their constituents and other people. Van Wert had put in some very telling work in several places where it would do the most good, but in two or three precincts it was found that a strong sentiment in favor of his opponent had developed and must be overcome by some means if he hoped to win. Unfortunately he was worried, and his actions showed it. On one or two occasions while speaking he had given way to puerile bursts of temper that by no means enhanced his chances for success. Some of the older heads had warned him that by making slurring remarks about his opponent he would only hurt himself, to which he responded by the childlike query, "Well, if a woman doesn't want to get herself talked about she'd better keep out of politics."

This he practically repeated to a mixed crowd at Conover's schoolhouse, in one of the strong "cow districts," on Friday night before election, adding, "I cannot believe that parents interested in the future welfare of their children are willing to intrust their early training to the hands and the methods of one who so far forgets her womanhood as to stand as a candidate for a public office." Of course he regretted the remark almost as soon as it was uttered and recognized that the silence with which it was received was the silence of a disapproval too strong to find expression in words. But it was too late for regrets, and he expressed none.

The next afternoon came a brief but pointed note from Miss Smith, in which she gently reminded him that his youth had evidently led him astray, so far as to forget the fact that she was pratically defenseless, and that in speaking of her as he had he had been both unmanly and ungentlemanly. This, coming, as it did, at a time when he was mentally cursing himself for an ass and a brute, did not tend to soothe him, for he knew that every word the note contained was true. So, instead of answering it as a man should, he wrote at the bottom of the sheet, "You have no business in politics if you don't want to stand the consequences," then signed it and remailed it to the original sender. An hour later he was sorry he had done so and tried to get the letter out of the postoffice, but failed.

Thus it was that the next evening, as he rode along the lonely trail leading to the "enemy's country," where he was to address a big meeting of cattlemen and make an effort to redeem himself by practically recanting all that he had said derogatory to the opposing candidate, without losing too much of his already shattered self respect, he was so absorbed mentally in thinking over what he should say that he did not hear a sudden command to halt and realized that he was in trouble only when a sinuous, swishing thing hurtled through the air, pinioned his arms to his sides and jerked him from his saddle to the rough ground.

"Good shot, old man!" said some one in cowboy costume, who came up and sat on the victim's chest. "Ye got him right round th' elbows, fust throw o' th' rope."

"Let me up, you d——d scoundrel!" fumed Van Wert. "You can take my money without taking my wind at the same time, can't you?"

"Easy, m' son," chuckled the giant who was sitting astride of him as he held the candidate's wrists so that the other men, who now came up, could the more easily tie them. "We don't want yer stuff, do we, pardner?"

"Nopey, Van," said the second man in a voice that Van Wert tried in vain to recognize. "We jest want t' put ye where ye won't make no mo' fool remarks 'bout th' lady th't's ag'in ye—not this evenin, anyways."

"See here, boys," said Van Wert, more calmly, "this isn't a square deal. You know I've got to be at that meeting at Meeker at 8 o'clock? Well, it's almost that now, so let me go."

"Oh, no, Jimmie!" laughed one of his captors heartlessly. "Not t'night. 'Squar deal,' I b'lieve ye said? Was it a squar deal f'r you t' git up an make th' talk ye did 'bout th' little schoolma'am las' night? Not any. So stan up, Jimmie, an let th' gent tackle ye to th' tree. We'll let ye go 'fore ye git cold. Easy, lad. Ef ye git gay, we won't do a thing but hawg tie ye an leave ye lay till mawnin."

The next hour was as long a one as Jimmie Van Wert ever spent. The night was a chilly one, and the ropes with which he was bound prevented the free circulation of blood, so that in a very short time his extremities were aching with cold. To add to his discomfort, an owl took its station in the brush near by and hooted derisively whenever the prisoner shouted, and the cries of the owl were responded to by several wolves, whose voices sounded as though they were very close at hand.

Several times Van Wert heard people go by on horseback and in wagons and shouted to them at the top of his lungs, but the trail was some distance from the clump of brush and they did not hear him. At last, however, when he had about given up all hope of escaping until his captors should come and release him, he heard the sound of horses coming along the trail, their riders laughing and chatting, and he lifted up his voice in a mighty effort to make himself heard. The riders evidently heard him and stopped. He shouted again and presently heard them coming toward him.

"Where are you?" called a feminine voice in response to another bleat from Van Wert, and in a moment there was a crashing of underbrush and the face and form of a young woman were outlined in the moonlight, followed a second later by the wondering countenance of a lad of about 12 years.

"How did it happen?" queried the young woman after she and the boy had released the candidate from his uncomfortable predicament and he was untying his horse from a neighboring tree.

Van Wert explained, in an injured tone, adding, with as much dignity as he could command: "I am the candidate for superintendent of schools, and I suppose this is a sample of the methods Miss Smith and her cowboy friends have adopted to defeat me. They knew I was to speak at Meeker tonight and thought that by preventing me from doing so they could gain a few votes. I'll show 'em when I get there."

The young woman laughed merrily. "Politics is a funny business, isn't it?" she said. "The idea of resorting to such measures! But," she added soberly, "you should not blame Miss Smith for what her overzealous friends have done. I—Miss Smith is a friend of mine, and I know she would not sanction such a thing. It—it would be most unfair to accuse her of it, don't you think, without being certain of your ground?"

Van Wert admitted that it would.

"Then, as a favor to me," said his fair rescuer, "do not, please, say anything about it—at least by way of connecting her with the affair. I'm sure no one would regret it more than she, if she knew about it."

After some hesitation Van Wert promised, and presently his rescuer and her escort left him, branching off on a trail that led toward a farmhouse that he could see in the distance.

The candidate noted with a grim smile, on his return, the consternation his appearance created in a certain part of the room and concluded that two or three men whom he knew to be friends of his looked rather sheepish, but he kept his own counsel and made no reference to his adventure. In the course of the excellent speech he presently made he "took back" what he had said about his opponent in a manner so graceful as to win for him rounds of applause, and when he sat down it was with the consciousness that he had in part redeemed himself.

As he started, along with some of the other candidates, to leave the hall he noticed for the first time that the young woman who had rescued him from the "fix" in which the cowboys had left him had not gone home to stay when she left him, for there she was, just leaving the hall in company with an older woman in widow's weeds.

"Who is that?" he asked of the candidate for sheriff, who was at his side.

"That girl?" queried the other. "Why, boy, that's your hated adversary, Miss Smith! Hadn't you seen her before?"

But Van Wert did not hear the question. He hurried to catch up with the opposing candidate, who started when he addressed her, but quickly recovered herself and smiled sweetly upon him.

"Miss Smith," he burst out impetuously, "I don't know what you must think of me after all the low down things I've said about you and the holy show I made of myself this evening. But I hope you'll believe me when I say I'm sorry for the things I've said—and I honestly hope you'll be elected after all. I shall vote for you anyway, and you can count on lots of my friends."

But his boyish enthusiasm in behalf of his opponent came too late to be of service to her, for the returns showed that Van Wert was elected by a small majority, for which he was indebted to the miners. On Thursday after election he went to Miss Smith.

"I regret this as much as you do," he said earnestly. "I wish I had met you earlier in the campaign. But I have a proposition to make. What are you going to do now?"

"I don't know," she said, trying to conceal the sadness in her tones. "You see, I had to give up my school and there are no vacancies now."

"Well, what I was going to propose is this: Will you take an appointment as my deputy? Remember, all the work will devolve upon you."

Miss Smith gasped, and her pretty face grew a rosy red, then turned pale. She did not wish to be under obligations to this man, and yet there was the mother to be considered and the invalid sister in Chicago, whose hospital bills were such a severe tax on the family resources. "Yes," she said finally, "and thank you very much for offering me the place. You have lifted a great load from my mind."

There was some comment on this arrangement by the voters of the county, but it was hardly adverse, and the deputy soon showed that she was the right one in the right place. She worked day and night and denied herself necessary sleep that her beloved schools should not retrograde. In fact, in the course of a few weeks she succeeded in making herself almost ill, for the death of the former superintendent had left the affairs of the office in rather chaotic condition, and although Van Wert and his deputy qualified at once after the meeting of the canvassing board it was almost Christmas before they got matters straightened out.

And it was just at this time, when the little deputy, more than half ill from overwork, was spending a couple of days at home, that she got a brief note from her superior, which read:

MISS SMITH—For some time past I have been dissatisfied with you as deputy superintendent of schools, and your resignation as such will be accepted. I will do myself the honor of calling upon you and explaining matters more fully tomorrow night. Very truly yours,
JAMES VAN WERT.

Miss Smith burst into tears. "Just to think, mamma! After I have worked so hard! What shall we do?"

"I suppose they want the job for some politician that doesn't need it," commented Mrs. Smith grimly. "But to think he has the audacity to come here after that! I won't let him in, the treacherous thing — discharging you, after being so friendly and all that!"

"Yes, you will, mamma," interjected the girl, recovering herself. "We must not forget ourselves in our own home."

Just then the doorbell rang, and the girl hastened away to hide the traces of her tears. When she returned to the little parlor, Van Wert was standing there, big and handsome, in front of the fireplace. He advanced to meet her as her mother vanished from the room.

"You got my note?" he said. "I'll tell you how it is," he went on awkwardly. "I'm not satisfied with you as deputy because—because I want you to take the office itself and me with it."

And that was the way they arranged it.—New York Tribune.

WHERE THEY GOT IT.

ORIGIN OF THE GREAT WEALTH OF SOME NEW YORKERS.

The Ancestors of Some of the Four Hundred Were Very Humble Citizens—Some of Gotham's Society Leaders Sprang From Very Sturdy Stock.

John Jacob Astor, the founder of the Astor family, was a peddler of musical instruments.

Commodore Vanderbilt, three generations back, began life as a small farmer on Staten Island. He was also a ferryman and clam digger.

Jay Gould, father of George Gould and of the Countess Castellane, first appeared in New York as a seller of rat traps. He did not make a success of this, so he turned land surveyor.

The distinguished Hoffman family, which has given one governor to New York state and has mingled its blood with many of the leading families in New York society, was settled in trade in New York over a century ago as dealers in groceries.

The founder of the Mills family, comparatively new in New York society, is Darius O. Mills, the present owner of the Mills building and the father of Mrs. Whitelaw Reid and of Ogden Mills. Mr. Mills began life selling household goods from place to place in the interior of New York state.

Mrs. Bradley Martin's father was a cooper in New York city who devoted his life to making barrel staves, kegs for beer and hogsheads for tobacco. The cooper's name was Isaac Sherman, and his granddaughter is now the Countess of Craven.

Governor Levi P. Morton began his commercial life as a tailor at Hanover, N. H., where he manufactured clothes for the Dartmouth college students. Hanover is but a small town, not having even a railroad station, and Dartmouth college gives it the only social life it possesses. Governor Morton was the leading merchant of the place. There are people in New York today who claim to possess clothes made by him during these early days. He soon left Hanover and went into the dry goods business. From this he realized a fortune, and then he went into finance, founding the banking institution of which he is now the head. Besides being governor of New York he has been minister to France and vice president of the United States.

A Washington market butcher accumulated the fortune that made Mr. Fred Gebhard possible as a conspicuous figure in New York society. The original Gebhard sold butter and cheese as well as pork chops and spare ribs, and among his customers were many swells. Mrs. Frederick Neilson also inherited some of this wealth.

The great Waterbury cordage trust, the conception of that brilliant financier, James M. Waterbury, originated over in Williamsburg, where the original Waterbury started a ropewalk with a small boy to help him, but with plenty of energy and ambition. He made rope for the ships that came to New York in the early days of the century, and they were handmade, of fine hemp, unlike the machine made ropes of the present day. The ropewalk, which became more and more prosperous with advancing years, was handed down from generation to generation, realizing millions of dollars for the Waterburys.

The earliest member of the Post family of whom there is any record was Jothan Post, who conducted a butcher shop. Butcher Post sold tripe, pork and choice cuts of beef to the New York swells of a century ago, and he delivered his own meats at their houses. He lived up stairs over his butcher shop, and history records that he was one of the first men every morning to open his shop for business in the city. He lived to a good old age and left numerous descendants, who have intermarried with other distinguished families.

Peter Cooper, whom many residents of New York remember to have seen riding about the city in a queer old buggy, wearing big steel spectacles and whiskers under his chin and having an air of great benevolence, founded the fortunes of the Cooper family. In early life he went into the glue business, and the industry he founded is still carried on, although its odoriferous product is now described as "gelatin." Abram S. Hewitt became tutor in the family and married Miss Cooper. Both he and Edward Cooper, son of Peter Cooper, have been mayors of New York. Peter Cooper, however, was the most distinguished member of the family, and his public benefactions will make him long remembered.

There is no record of the Sloanes in the early days of New York's history, but no list of the families prominent in society at the present day would be complete without a reference to them. The Sloanes inherited a fine carpet business, which was built up by an ancestor who was as good a judge of brussels or axminster as any in the city in his day. This institution they have broadened and extended. W. D. Sloane married a daughter of William H. Vanderbilt and is the father of an interesting family.

When Miss Fannie Work of this city married the brother of Lord Fermoy, she hyphenated the name and called herself Mrs. Burke-Roche, though there is no such name in the peerage. Her husband's name is J. B. B. Roche. Her sister is Mrs. Cooper-Hewitt, who also hyphenated her name without apparent cause. Their father is Mr. Frank Work, as genial a gentleman as ever set foot in the Stock Exchange. He began life in this city as a dry goods clerk, and he was a good one too. His love of horseflesh led to an acquaintance with Commodore Vanderbilt, who took a fancy to him, persuaded him to go into Wall street and promised to give him his brokerage business. Mr. Work did so and became a millionaire banker and one of the most popular men in Wall street, from which he retired from active business years ago.—New York Journal.

AUTHOR OF "RORY O'MORE."

Samuel Lover Was a Gifted Artist as Well as a Writer.

Mrs. Fanny Schmid, daughter of Samuel Lover and mother of Victor Herbert, the American musician, contributes a paper of reminiscences of "The Author of 'Rory O'Moore'" to The Century. After describing Lover's first employment in his father's counting room Mrs. Schmid says: At 16 years of age he left his home in spite of the opposition of his father and resolved to go his own way, depending solely on his own mental exertions for earning his bread. This shows his character in its true light, for, although distinguished by an enchanting amibility and cheerfulness, yet he had an iron will, an untiring industry and perfect self dependence.

At first he managed to support himself by executing for physicians drawings, which were destined to appear in anatomical works, and had, of course, to be remarkably accurate. It is the more extraordinary that he was able to do this, as he had never been taught to draw and had up to that time practiced the art only for his amusement in leisure hours.

With patient industry he daily improved himself in miniature painting and was soon able to establish himself as a portrait painter in Dublin. This remained his principal profession through life, although he practiced many branches of art besides.

Having painted everybody in Dublin who wished to be painted (as he himself used to express it), after the lapse of a considerable time he decided on shifting the scene of his efforts to London, where an endless field of action presented itself. The groundwork of all his future activity had in the meantime been laid in Dublin. He had been contributing to various magazines, and also making many charming drawings for them, which had appeared as wood engravings.

The first and second series of the humorous and racy "Legends and Stories of Ireland" had appeared in London and had been received with great favor by the public and the press in England as well as in Ireland.

The first song which he succeeded in selling to a publisher he would not take money for, but arranged to take a guitar in exchange, as he had long wished to possess such an instrument, but had as yet not been able to buy one. How little he dreamed at that time of the thousands of pounds that would be made by his songs in the future! Unfortunately the publishers got the lion's share of the profits.

I may here remark that he played both the piano and the guitar exceedingly well, although he had never had a lesson on either of these instruments. He was most eager in acquiring every sort of information, and had, for instance, out of his own scanty earnings as a youth, after he had left his father's house, contrived to pay for lessons in French from the best French teacher in Dublin, and he spoke that language fluently. It was then a still more necessary accomplishment in society than now, and at school he had learned only Latin.

After his first song had sold well several others followed, and it was easy to find publishers for further compositions in London.

His first dramatic work was brought out at the Theater Royal, Dublin. It treated of the principal incidents in the life of a certain real or legendary queen of Ireland, who was an Amazon and a great heroine.

Before transferring his place of residence from Ireland to England my father had exhibited a large and beautiful miniature portrait of Paganini at the Royal Academy, London. Most portraits of Paganini were hideous caricatures, making him look like a demon, while my father's portrait of him was a wonderful likeness, representing the master as he really was and doing justice to the spiritual and benignant expression of his extremely interesting face. The picture at once procured for my father a most honorable rank as an artist in London and actually grounded his reputation there.

Coursing Coyotes.

"Coursing used to be one of our great sports in Nevada in flush times," said Wells Drury, the old newspaper man, "but instead of using jack rabbits we had good, ablebodied coyotes, and they can give a dog the race of his life. There was another advantage. We could use one coyote until he got so old and rheumatic that he couldn't run and then make a rug of his hide. It was this way:

"We would catch a good, big coyote in a box trap, take him out on the alkali desert, which was as smooth as a table for 20 miles in every direction, turn him loose and sick the dogs on him. It didn't take long for the coyote to realize that his chances of getting away were very small unless he could find a hole, and he had sense enough to know that holes were scarce in the desert. Then he would recollect the good, safe hole he had just left and commence circling toward it. All we had to do was to sit down and watch the race for about half an hour, till the coyote completed the circle and ran back to the box. Then we closed it, carried him back to town and kept him for another race on the next Sunday."—San Francisco Post.

It Wasn't That.

"I don't like to ride my bicycle now," said the fair young girl, "because of the wind."

The young man slightly blushed.

"Co-couldn't you use strips of lead or something?" he stammered.

"Strips of lead—for what?"

The young man blushed again. The room seemed painfully hot.

"Why, in the hem of your sk-skirts," he stuttered.

"My skirts?" echoed the tall beauty. "I'm not talking about my skirts. It's my frizzes that the wind blows out."

And the youth went forth into the cool night and butted his head against the first lamppost.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Brigham Young's Business Genius.

In studying Brigham Young I have not sought to know the man as he lives in Mormon literature, with a glowing religious halo about his eminently business-like brow. I have sought rather to find him through conversations with some of his favorite captains and through the letters he wrote them when they were engaged in perilous missions to wild districts in the unexplored west. These were the men who lived near to him and knew the thoughts that throbbed in his active brain. None of these men has told me of any striking religious thought which he uttered from the pulpit, but all have said that he insisted that it always paid to plow deep and plant alfalfa. They have related with especial pride their talks with "the president" at evening camp fires, when he would plan, with wonderful accuracy, irrigation canals and village sites, to be made in connection with the conquest of some new valley they had explored. The plans which he traced on the ground with his cane by the firelight generally anticipated very closely the later results of surveys. His letters to these captains were full of instructions about provisions, coming emigrant parties and the treatment of the Indians. They always closed with a devout reference to Divine Providence, but the underlying spirit was that of the sturdy industrial chieftain aiming at the conquest of the waste places.

This man's dream was of empire. In every fiber of his body, in every beat of his brain and heart, he was a materialist. All his buildings, like all his philosophies, were fashioned on strong and simple lines. They were made, not to look beautiful, but to serve useful purposes and to last long. That he used the power of the church relentlessly to accomplish his ends cannot be denied. But the church, however much it may have meant to others, was with him only one of the means, and not the great object of his ambition. His first act in Utah was to raise the American flag and proclaim himself governor of "the state of Deseret"—land of the working bee.—Atlantic.

The Educational Ideal.

Our present system of elementary education does not rise to the moral requirements of the age. It stands too largely for the development of the memory for the purpose of mere money making, to the neglect of the nobler spiritual qualities. It too often leaves out the cultivation of the heart and the training of the hand, the quickening of the conscience and the growth of the moral perception. Such a system is not education in any large sense; it is what Pestalozzi called "mere instruction." The education that makes character, individual and national, begins with the heart, the conscience and the imagination. The storing of the memory with facts is a tool shop more essential to the making of a living than the learning how to live, which is life's higher purpose. "We create life through ideals," taught Pestalozzi. "We learn by doing," said Froebel. And both agreed that life must be taught from life or by example, and that the individual gift of the pupil was "sacred to the teacher," and that each pupil must be developed after his own gift as though there were no other pupils like him or gift like his in the world. The old time New England school dame, whipping the dates of the reigns of Roman emperors into 5-year-old brains, formed no part of the grand Pestalozzian vision. "Education stands for character," said Pestalozzi. Our national education is defective in the power of this fundamental principle. A reconstruction of education must come in this country, and the best methods of character education be made universal or else we must suffer deterioration. A heart that responds to justice is the first lesson of life, and the ideal or gift of the pupil must be studied by the teacher before the pupil is put to memorizing text books, which is instruction.—Review of Reviews.

A Public School In Germany.

It was 8 o'clock, and school was about to begin. At a signal from the teacher the boys arose in their places, and with bowed heads stood in reverential silence while one of their number recited a short prayer. As soon as the boys were again in their seats the teacher began the recitation, and I began to gaze about the room. There were nearly 50 boys seated on ten plain board benches, with the same number of equally long and plain desks in front, an almost exact reproduction of the furniture of the New England district schoolhouse of a generation ago.

The teacher's desk, which stood upon a high and very small platform, was equally inexpensive and devoid of ornament. The walls and ceiling of the room were of a soft brown color slightly tinged with green, while the benches and desks, including that of the teacher, were stained a darker brown, excepting the tops of the desks, which were painted a dull black. There were windows on only one side of the room, and the seats were so arranged that the rays of light fell upon the pupils' books over the left shoulder. There was only one blackboard in the room, and that was a small wooden one which was placed behind the teacher's desk and was accessible only to a person standing upon the teacher's platform. Crayon marks upon the blackboard were removed by means of a moist sponge, never with a dry eraser. In many of the schoolrooms which I subsequently visited there were a few good pictures to be seen, and the tint of the walls varied somewhat, but in all essential features that first schoolroom was typical of all that I saw afterward.—Educational Review.

A Success.

"Were your theatrical entertainments for charity a success?" asked one girl.

"Yes, indeed. We got $107.25."

"Indeed! You must have had a large audience."

"No. We took in $7.25 at the ticket office, and father gave us $100 never to do it again."—Washington Star.

ONE OF NELSON'S CAPTAINS.

A New Yorker Commanded a British Ship In the Battle of the Nile.

The fifth ship was the Theseus, Captain Ralph Willett Miller. This gentleman, whom after his premature death Nelson styled "the only truly virtuous man I ever knew," was by birth a New Yorker, whose family had been loyalists during the American Revolution. A letter from him to his wife gives an account of the fight which is at once among the most vivid and from the professional standpoint the most satisfactory of those which have been transmitted to us. Of the Theseus' entrance into the battle he says:

"In running along the enemy's line in the wake of the Zealous and Goliath, I observed their shot sweep just over us. And knowing well that at such a moment Frenchmen would not have coolness enough to change their elevation, I closed them suddenly, and, running under the arch of their shot, reserved my fire, every gun being loaded with two and some with three round shot, until I had the Guerrier's masts in a line and her jibboom about six feet clear of our rigging. We then opened with such effect that a second breath could not be drawn before her main and mizzen masts were also gone. This was precisely at sunset, or 44 minutes past 6. Then passing between her and the Zealous and as close as possible round the off side of the Goliath, we anchored by the stern exactly in a line with her and abreast the Spartiate. We had not been many minutes in action with the Spartiate when we observed one of our ships (and soon after knew her to be the Vanguard, place herself so directly opposite to us on the outside of her that I desisted firing on her, that I might not do mischief to our friends, and directed every gun before the mainmast on the Aquilon (fourth French) and all abaft it on the Conquerant, giving up my proper bird to the admiral."—"Nelson In the Battle of the Nile," by Captain Mahan, in Century.

THE CRANE DANCE.

Where the Soubrettes Got Their Idea For a Specialty.

There is a dance called the crane dance, which is popular at the vaudeville houses. At Lincoln park there is a real crane which does a crane dance, and those who have seen its saltatorial feats say the bird does it much better than do the featherless, two legged animals.

No purely imitative dancing could fail to gain by being an exact copy of the performance of the long necked, spindle legged sand hill crane. Its steps are not only grotesque, but they are of a kind to make the gravest onlooker lose his dignity and laugh like a delighted boy at the circus. This Lincoln park bird at the outset of his dance is the personification of dignity. When in the days of his freedom he tripped it on his native sand hills for the sole benefit of his mate, he did so only in the springtime, but now, in his lowly captive state, he dances in and out of season if the keeper who feeds him will but wave his arms and take an awkward step or two to give him encouragement.

The crane begins its dance by shoving one long leg, with its claw attachment, straight out in front of his body. Then he lowers it and draws it back slowly until it is within an inch or two of the ground. Then there is a lightninglike double shuffle, and the other leg is pointed to the front. Then the dance begins in earnest. The wings are stretched and beat the air in perfect time to the movement of the feet, be they going fast or slow. There is the semblance of a clog; then the sinuous foot and body movement of the nautch girl, and in a moment the whirl of the dancing dervish, to be succeeded as a finale by a sort of wild "all hands round," in which every feather of the bird is alive, as it enters into the joy of the dance with an utter abandon. The act of stopping is like the "halt" of the German soldier—sudden, stiff and instant. Then the crane marches away to a corner with a still stately tread, but with an eye which appears to reveal embarrassment.—Chicago Times-Herald.

English Administration of Jamaica.

The English administration of Jamaica is a thing to be thankful for. There are law and order, excellent roads, comfortable houses, adequate police, lawn tennis and cricket, plenty of manly, companionable English army and navy officers and a governor who is strong, able and genial. At the same time it would be folly to maintain that the island is producing a tenth part of the wealth that is latent in soil and atmosphere, or that most of the wealth that is beginning to make its appearance is due to anything so much as to the American enterprise and capital which are opening up railways and cultivating fruits. Another serious fact, though not necessarily an unwelcome one, is that the island's 4,000 square miles contain a population of 600,000 persons, 25,000 of whom are white.—Julian Hawthorne in Century.

Youthful Interrogator.

"Mother," said a thoughtful Boston child to his maternal relative.

"What is it, Waldo?"

"Is Philadelphia older than Boston, mother?"

"Of course not, my son. The first settlement was made in Charlestown in 1630, while William Penn did not arrive on the site of Philadelphia until 52 years later."

"That was always my impression, mother, but how is it that Philadelphia is mentioned in the Bible, while Boston is not?" — Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

The red carnation is regarded in Spain as an emblem of despair. There is a tradition in Andalusia that the flower sprang from the blood of the Virgin Mary.

The distance between Cape Town, South Africa, and Washington is 6,68 miles.

THE MISTAKE SHE MADE.

Railroad Travelers Who at Last Understood Each Other.

She sat by the car window, gazing out upon the unrolling scenery and possibly dreaming of home and things like that.

Abont six feet away from her, across the aisle, was an empty seat, which at the next station was filled by a man with a sample case. He was 50 years of age or thereabout and was quite as dapper looking as if he were 30 and still the knight to please every fair dame who set her soft eyes upon him.

The lady was young and pretty, with perhaps a shade too much display in her makeup, but still one could hardly say that, for all is not gold that glitters in such cases—or words to that effect.

When the man had sat down in the vacant seat and composed himself for the journey before him, he began to look about to familiarize himself with his environments, and in the course of his visual wanderings his eyes fell upon the young lady. He gave a slight start, as people do when they think they see somebody they know, and looked again.

The lady wasn't looking, of course. But she wasn't asleep.

Not in the slightest.

After a minute or two or three or four of hesitating investigation the traveling man, for it was he, arose and very politely and deferentially approached the young lady.

It was done as if he had been practicing that sort of thing ever since he had picked up the first sample case. Either that or he was to the manner born.

"I beg your pardon," he said as she turned from the window to meet him with a half startled, fawnlike movement not altogether unusual on such occasions, "aren't you Miss Morton of Philadelphia?"

She gave him a glassy stare with a raw edge on it.

"You don't look like a man," she replied with an insolent air, "who would try to work as old a racket as that on me. Do I look so green as that?"

It was now his turn to gaze at her in startled wonder.

"Oh, that's all right," she laughed, moving over to make room beside her, "and I'll forgive you. You know I am not Miss Morton of Philadelphia or anywhere else, and so do I know it. But sit down. I'm lonesome, and I'd just as soon have a pleasant little talk with you as not. I'm to meet mamma at the station where we take dinner."

"I beg your pardon," said the traveling man, backing away. "I am sure if you are not Miss Morton I have no desire whatever to talk with you."

Then he went back to his place, and the flip young woman was rather inclined to the opinion that there was at least one man on the road who could be mistaken honestly.

All of which occurred between Washington and New York within the last two weeks.—Washington Star.

KILLING WOLVES.

Some of the Methods Used to Get Rid of the Pests.

Whole families of the animals are sometimes asphyxiated in their dens. A wolf of the gray variety generally makes its home by getting on the side of a dirt gulch and burrowing straight inward until a safe distance from the surface is reached. There her young are born and raised to sturdy cub estate.

When a cowboy locates a den in which he believes the entire family to be gathered, a composite mass of cotton, saturated with damp flour sulphur and other noxious smelling substances, is thrust into the den and set on fire. The mouth of the hole is then filled with clay tamped down solidly, and the imprisoned wolves are speedily suffocated within. In this way from 6 to 10 and 11 wolves, young and old, are wiped out at one stroke.

Another effective method is to bore four or more holes in a flat piece of board and plug them up with beef fat soaked in strychnine. The odor of the fat attracts any wolves that may be in the vicinity, and they lick the fat voraciously until the leavening of poison does its work upon them and they drop dead. Very often as many as a dozen wolves are killed off by this process before the fat in the holes is exhausted.

Strychnine inclosed in capsules is also used. The capsule is thrust into a slit cut in a chunk of beef, and the wolf, bolting the meat whole, falls an easy victim. Steel traps, baited with raw beef, are also tried with fair success.—Denver Republican.

Reading Women Organize.

The women voters of Reading, Pa., met recently at the home of Mrs. William Carter, Woburn street, and formed an organization. Mrs. S. G. B. Pearson was chosen temporary chairman. Officers for the ensuing year were balloted for, and the following were elected: Mrs. George Bosson, permanent chairman; Mrs. Warren E. Eaton, clerk; Mrs. S. G. B. Pearson, treasurer. The society then nominated Mrs. Ellen M. Bancroft for member of the school committee and recommended that Mrs. Gertrude Hussey be nominated as a trustee of the public library. Mrs. Warren Eaton was chosen a committee of one to confer with the proper authorities in regard to having a woman on the board of overseers of the poor. In conclusion, the society earnestly recommend that every woman in town qualified to vote should register and cast her vote at the coming town election.

A Confused Judge.

An English lawyer who had a habit of dropping his h's was one day prosecuting before Mr. Justice Lawrance a man for stealing, among other things, a halter. Constantly and consistently he spoke of "'alter," and after an hour or so of this the judge summoned the clerk of assize and seriously asked him, "Is this the crown court?" "Yes, my lord I believe so," was the answer of the wondering official. "Thank you. I am relieved. I thought I had found my way into an ecclesiastical tribunal."

THE DOCTOR'S STORY.

An Experience That Followed a Call at Night.

Four or five physicians were talking up town the other evening at the home of one, and the conversation later turned to shop. One of them had recently moved his office down town, and there was some discussion as to the advisability of separating house and office.

"Well," said the separatist, "I can't see any difference so long as I am at my office during office hours."

"Let me tell you a story," remarked the oldest man in the party. "Thirty years ago, when I began practice, I lived in Virginia, and for a year or two I slept in my office. Then I married, and my wife owned a nice house, and I went to it to live. It sat back from the street about 50 feet, and we decided that it would be much nicer if we had my office out on the street in the far corner of the lot. Only 50 feet away, you will observe, but still it was enough. In order to see such callers as came during the night I had a night bell and a speaking tube connecting the front door of the office with my bedroom. You see, I did not want a patient to escape under any circumstances.

"Well, everything went nicely enough for three years or so, when one night a ring came to my bell. It was then about 2 o'clock in the morning, and the ring was a hot one. I asked who it was, and the answer came from a friend of mine to the effect that he was a mighty sick man and wanted to see me at once. I told him to come around to the house and I would meet him at the door and take care of him. Then I got up, and, putting on my dressing gown and slippers, I proceeded to the front door. But there was no one there and no one in sight on the way between the gate and the house.

"That was odd, and I went back and called through the tube to know what was wrong. I received no answer, and, being quite unable to account for it, I took my lamp—it was a very dark and still night—and started to go out and investigate. Just as I was about to step off the porch I lowered my lamp to get a better light on the step, and there at the foot of the porch lay a body. I turned it over at once, and as the light fell on the face I saw it was my friend who had only a minute before spoken to me. He was quite dead. And when an examination was made, it was discovered that he had died of heart disease, and so near to me that I could almost have touched him. Possibly I could not have been of any service to him if I had seen him when he first rang the bell, but the possibility that I might so affected me that from that day to this I have had my office as near my bed as I could get it."—Exchange.

HE LOST A FORTUNE.

Or, "There Are Moments When One Wants to Be Alone."

A middle sized man, with a gray mustache and a red tie hitched up on his collar, walked through the restaurant, nodding to acquaintances here and there. As he stopped at the cashier's desk a man who was seated at a table noticed him, and, leaning across to his vis-a-vis, said, "Captain S——, United States postal inspector and grand official catcher of green goods men."

"Yes?" with interest from the man across the table.

"Sure. I have always regarded him with a peculiar affection. He came very near making me a rich man once—in fact, almost made a wealthy citizen of me—so well to do that I would never have had to work again."

"How was that?" with a shade of incredulity.

"This way: About a year ago the captain superintended a grand haul of green goods men. The firm which he raided was the largest, perhaps, in the country and had unlimited capital. They had packages of good money to catch suckers with, and this money, amounting to over $150,000, was captured and placed in a big satchel by the captain. I called on him for details of the story that afternoon. He was alone in the office. There were three of us—the captain, myself and the satchel. He opened the satchel and showed me wealth beyond my wildest dreams. I hated to leave the beautiful vision."

And the narrator sighed deeply.

"Well," said his friend, "I don't see how that was anything like making you a rich man."

"You don't? Well, let me tell you this: If the captain had turned his back for just six seconds I would have been a rich man immediately. But he never turned, and I had to go away again as poor as when I came."

And with another bitter, heartrending sigh he watched the inspector stroll out into the street.—Chicago News.

The Plausible Lie.

We resent calumny, hypocrisy and treachery because they harm us, not because they are untrue. Take the detraction and the mischief from the untruth, and we are little offended by it. Turn it into praise, and we may be pleased with it. And yet it is not calumny and treachery that do the largest sum of mischief in the world. They are continually crushed and are felt only in being conquered. But it is the glistening and softly spoken lie, the amiable fallacy, the patriotic lie of the historian, the provident lie of the politician, the zealous lie of the partisan, the merciful lie of the friend and the careless lie of each man to himself that cast that black mystery over humanity through which we thank any man who pierces, as we would thank one who dug a well in a desert. Happy that the thirst for truth remains with us, even when we have willfully left the fountains of it.—John Ruskin.

The Measure of the Man.

When a man says he is satisfied with his lot, you may be sure of one of two things—either he is a very enterprising and cunning specimen of humanity or he is a liar.—Up to Date.

WASHINGTON MONUMENT.

Some Interesting Facts About the Tall Shaft of White Marble.

The distance at which the monument is visible has always been a matter of debatable interest with Washington people. Not a train approaches the city, nor a bat speeds up and down the Potomac, but carries a group of people anxious to see at just what point they can last see the white marble against the sky as they depart or first find it as they return.

Probably the greatest distance at which the monument is seen is from the summit of the Blue ridge at Snicker's gap, a distance of about 43 miles in an air line. The elevation there is 2,000 feet above the Potomac. The mountaineers years ago, with their keen eyes, trained to long and sharp sight in the mountains, detected the white spot gleaming on the horizon, and they can always quickly determine its place on the horizon line. But to city folks, however, the location of the white shaft is not an easy matter. Thousands of Washington people every summer invade that region as summer boarders, to subsist on fresh milk and fried chicken and incidentally in their excursions up on the mountain to get a sight of the monument. On clear days it is distinctly visible, especially to those who are familiar with its precise location. But it is more easily seen at sunset than at any other hour, as the sharp reflection of the sun's rays brings out the white surface of the marble. The mountain people are only too glad to point out the monument to their visitors and usually tell them the secret by which they can themselves locate it. This is by finding first on the horizon line the slight elevation of contour presented by Munson's hill. Then slightly to the left, perhaps one degree, there it is. The point from which the monument was first seen from the Blue ridge is the mountain farm of Mr. Louis P. Shoemaker of this city, and the place is called Monument View.

One of the most singular stories that may be told about the Washington monument is hardly credible, yet it can be vouched for as perfectly true. There are hundreds of ladies in Washington who wear upon their hats the plumage or the entire skin of a bird which has lost its life flying against the tall mass of marble in the dimness of twilight or daybreak. Every morning one of the watchmen, who spends the night in the monument, finds about its base quite a number of birds who have lost their lives in this way. This mortality is not limited to any one species, but includes nearly all the birds known in this region. Strange to say, few English sparrows lose their lives by flying against the monument, but the beautiful golden finches, cedar birds, starlings, tanagers, grosbeaks and many others of bright plumage and great rarity have been found. The watchman takes these birds up town to a taxidermist, who stuffs and mounts the rarer specimens, which are sold for a good, round price to collectors, and the skins of those less rare are prepared for the milliner. Hardly a morning comes that there are less than a score of dead birds about the base of the shaft.

Another queer thing to know about the monument is that its height and width vary. It is taller in summer than in winter, and in the latter season its width on the south side is about an inch greater than on the north, east or west side. This is due to expansion under the heat of the sun's rays. This phenomenon was determined by Captain Greene during the erection of the shaft. Plumb lines were hung at each corner of the marble wall, and the plumb "bobs," or plummets, were suspended in pots of glycerin and molasses. Across the top of each pot was laid a finely graduated steel bar, and three times a day an army engineer "took off" the registration thus made of the expansion of the walls. It was held that the plummets moved precisely with the points at which the plumb lines were attached to the top of the shaft, and the glycerin held them firmly without vibration or oscillation, so that the officer could note any change of position. All these registrations, twice a day every day of the year, were recorded in a book during the seven years that were occupied in finishing the monument.—Washington Star.

Art of Writing Sermons.

In speaking of the "Genesis of a Sermon" Dr. Watson, lecturing in Boston, declared the sermon to be the result of six processes—selection, in which as a matter of fact the preacher does not select the text, but the text the preacher, which makes friends with him generally; (2) separation, the one idea being separated from its 99 blood relatives (some preachers "are afraid to preach on one idea, because the people will think they have not the other idea"); (3) illumination, putting the separated idea in the midst of all the life the preacher knows; (4) meditation; (5) elaboration; (6) revision. The preacher "is rarely wrong in dropping an adjective." In the composition of the sermon there should be unity, with such artistic effect that though one should repeat the same thing 30 times 30 witnesses would declare that 30 different things were said. There should be beauty without slang, vulgar language, unworthy talk or scholastic language. There should be humanity; charity must rule; anger is a risky business, and sarcasm is dangerous.

There should be intensity in delivery, and the sermon would be more effective if delivered extemporaneously than if read. "If a man reads, he loses the immense advantage of environment." The sermon preached may be greater than the sermon prepared because of the environment.

Comforting.

"Say, Elsie, look around the street corner again and see if August isn't coming yet."

"No; I don't see him, but don't be worried; the people are looking more and more like him every minute!"—[illegible] Blatter.

ELEPHANTS IN INDIA.

No One Allowed to Shoot Them Without Special Permission.

Nobody may shoot an elephant, says the London Telegraph, on the Annamulle or Tipperah hills or anywhere else throughout India and Ceylon without permission unless it be a "rogue," or plainly dangerous and destructive. The capture of the wild elephant and his careful training are things carried out under an admirable and scientific system, which gives to the administration in all its branches and to the native courts a superb staff of massive and faithful servants, the commissariat and artillery elephants.

Although they will seldom or never breed in captivity, the grand creatures are easy to keep and manage, invaluable for many special purposes, and at their demise whatever tusks they may carry go to the world's stock of ivory. The older it is the better generally its quality. But, in any case, how senseless it seems to extirpate the living source of this beautiful commodity, as the reckless hunters and ignorant native chiefs and merchants are still allowed to do in central Africa! When shall we see the governments of these various regions sensible enough to perceive and proclaim that live elephants are very much more valuable even commercially than dead ones, and that the preservation of these stately and serviceable animals shall be henceforward a fixed policy for African benefit?

It has been truly remarked that directly the native and foreign hunters are convinced that one live elephant is worth dozens of tusks they will be as keen to preserve the animal as they now are to exterminate him. We might plead earnestly, even upon the ground of aestheticism and natural science, for the protection in future of the noble beast, whose majesty and tranquillity of mien so well become his silent haunts and philosophic, harmless existence. The ears of those, however, who massacre the innocent giant to cut from him 20 or 30 pounds of material for paper knives and shoe horns would be closed to such remonstrances. The best hope of all who understand the value of the elephant for Africa is that even the most ruthless of his assassins may come to learn that they are destroying their own markets. The rest is for official authorities to do. But certain it is that if decided measures be not promptly taken there will be no elephants to save and, we shall see in another continent the shameful human sin and folly perpetrated which has stripped America of every free living vestige of her noble droves of bison.

THE TIPPING QUESTION.

How It Is Practiced at Home and Abroad and the Need For a Reform.

The question of "tipping" seems small enough in detail, but rather important when exaggerated.

A woman who spent last winter in one of the most sumptuous of New York hotels says she invariably gave a quarter to her waiter at breakfast and luncheon, those being meals taken alone. At dinner time she was joined by her husband, who always handed the servitor 50 cents.

The latter sum seemed to evenly fill the man's idea of what was due him, and his "Thank you, sir!" was bland and gracious, but the lady's modest quarters always found their grave in the black waistcoat pocket, with no expression of gratitude from the recipient's face, which wore a meaning look, as of one who says, "Women are mean, an never knows 'ow to do the right thing by a man, but one 'as to put up with 'em."

It is only in reckless, good natured America that optional fees are so much larger than they ought to be. A dollar, which is a common enough sum for a man to give at dinner in a fashionable restaurant, would make a French waiter stare, although he would have the presence of mind to pocket it quickly.

In Paris there is an unwritten scale which apportions 5 per cent on the amount of a customer's bill as a tip. Thus a person ordering a dinner that costs $2 would, on settling his bill, add 10 cents for the attendant.

It is time we had either a legal or informal rule governing tips in this country, and it is to be hoped that some rich persons will help on the reform.

It will never be done by those whose means are really small enough to feel the tax, for it is one of the errors of the impecunious to feel obliged to show as much liberality as a millionaire, even if, like the guest in "Charley's Aunt," he has to borrow half a dollar from the butler with which to tip him.—Illustrated American.

A Splendid Crown.

One of the most splendid crowns in the world is that of the Russian empress, Anna Ivanovna. According to Hamlin, it is well proportioned and lightly formed of open gold work, incrusted with a vast number of exquisite gems and among them 2,536 diamonds of great perfection. On its top, serving as a base to a slender cross of pearls, is placed the immense and wonderful ruby which the Russian embassador purchased at Peking at the price of 120,000 rubles.

The Geranium.

The geranium expresses preference. The idea has not, so far as known, any foundation in history or legend. It is said that Henry VIII first showed marked preference for Anne Boleyn by giving her a bunch of red flowers. Some persons have supposed these flowers to be geraniums, but the plant was little, if at all, known in England at that time.

A fly is almost invincible. It will survive long immersion in water and will sustain the odors of sulphur and other disinfectants without apparent injury. Only turpentine, chloroform and ammonia can get the better of a fly.

Thirty days are required for mail to travel between New York and Bushire.

Society Directory

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State President, John T. Keating, 5610 Jackson av., Chicago, Ill.
State Vice-President, E. J. Kelly, Armory Block, Ottawa, Ill.
State Recording Secretary, Daniel McGlynn, 1238 Gaty av., East St. Louis, Ill.
State Treasurer, James Costello, Bloomington, Ill.

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County Vice-President, W. J. Doherty, 1253 Forty-seventh st.
County Recording Secretary, F. J. Conroy, 493 Thirty-fifth st.
County Financial Secretary, Jos. J. Lamb, 603 Thirty-first st.
County Treasurer, M. E. Lynch, 520 West Erie st.
Sergeant-at-Arms, James Gannon.
Doorkeeper, William Barrett.
The County Board meets on the Second Sunday of each month at No. 83 Madison st., Hall 2, at 3 o'clock p. m.

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Vice-President, Michael Tuohy.
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Financial Secretary, William Territt, 387 South May st.
Treasurer, Jerry O'Brien.
Meets First Friday of each month in Father Mathew hall, Taylor and Miller sts., at 8 p.m.

Division 2.

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Recording Secretary, Edward Brady, 3721 Vincennes av.
Financial Secretary, Patrick J. Spallon, 2826 Calumet av.
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Financial Secretary, Daniel Collins, 730 S. Centre av.
Treasurer, Robert Dore.
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Vice-President, John Doody.
Recording Sec'y, M. Golden, 4417 Union av.
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Division 7.

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Recording Secretary, Patrick Foley, 2703 Hickory st.
Financial Secretary, James E. O'Brien, 979 W. Twelfth st.
Treasurer, Mark Harding.
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Division 22.

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Vice-President, Miss Sara Kain.
Recording Secretary, Miss Maggie Murphy, Lemont, Ill.
Financial Secretary, Miss Minnie Cull.
Treasurer, Mrs. Mary Boyle.
Sentinel, Miss Mamie Kelleher.
Sergeant-at-Arms, Miss Maggie Mulcahy.
Meets the Second and Fourth Sunday each month in St. Patrick's hall, Lemont, at 3 p.m.

All Societies who have not sent in the names of their newly-elect officers will please do so as soon as possible in order to complete the roster.

A Preparation For Pudding.

Very many persons would like to know how to pad sheets of paper so as to make tablets, but do not understand the proper composition for putting on the edges. The following recipe is vouched for by competent authority: Glue, 4 pounds; glycerin, 2 pounds; linseed oil, one-half pound; sugar, one-quarter pound; aniline dyes in sufficient quantity to color. The glue is softened by soaking it in a little cold water, then dissolved, together with the sugar, in the glycerin by aid of heat over a water bath. To this the dyes are added, after which the oil is well stirred. It is used hot. Another composition of a somewhat similar nature is prepared as follows: Glue, a pound; glycerin, 4 ounces; glucose sirup, about 2 tablespoonfuls; tannin, one-tenth ounce. Give the compositions an hour or more in which to dry or set before cutting or handling the pads.—New York Ledger.

Novel Surgical Operation.

A quite novel surgical operation has successfully been perfomed at Parma, Italy, by Professor Verdelli, in the presence of all the physicians of the Parmese hospital, and with very satisfactory results. The new operation was the washing of the heart. It was the first operation of the kind, and Professor Verdelli employed the washing apparatus recently invented by Professor Riva. After making an operative incision Professor Verdelli first cleaned the pericardium of the patient, a 12-year-old boy, of the pus which had accumulated thereon and then proceeded to wash the heart with a strong solution of soda biborate (borax). The operation was very successful, inasmuch as no further complication has arisen. The boy is now doing very well and is on the way to complete recovery. Professor Verdelli has received numerous congratulations for his success with the new operation from surgeons all over Europe.—Philadelphia Record.

Didn't Mean It.

"Henry," said she, "wake up. I believe there is a man in the house."

"Well, what if there is?" said Henry sleepily. "If there were a woman in the house, do you suppose I would go to the trouble of waking you up and telling you about it?"

By this time Henry was awake and explaining.—Pearson's Weekly.

1778. 1897.

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